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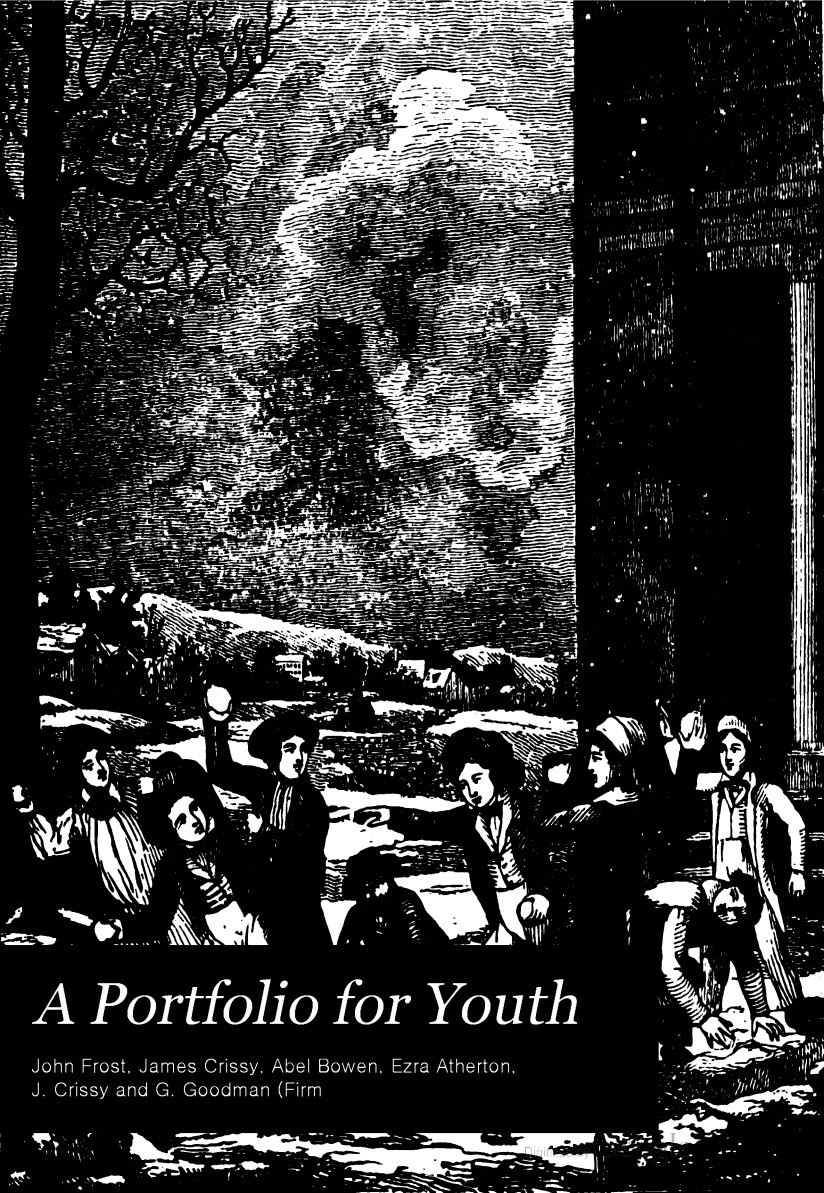
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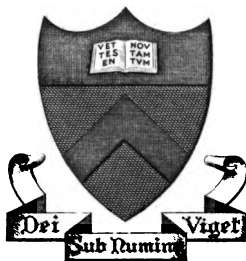
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A Portfolio for Youth

John Frost, James Crissy, Abel Bowen, Ezra Atherton,
J. Crissy and G. Goodman (Firm)

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Princeton University.

The Robert A. Root Fund



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Sam. C. Shering.
Bellows Falls.
Vermont





Winter Sports.

John ... Frost
A
PORT FOLIO
FOR
YOUTH.



BY ROBERT RAMBLE.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. CRISSY, 4 MINOR STREET.
1835.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by John
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PREFACE.

In the course of my desultory reading, I have occasionally copied and laid aside such stories, fables, pieces of poetry, maxims and practical rules, as I thought might be useful for young persons, until they have fairly filled up a Port Folio. Many of them are illustrated by pictures, which I either collected or drew in my leisure moments, and the whole was intended especially for my nephew, Frank Hearty. When I went to live at Applehill, where my sister Hearty, Frank's mother, lives, I gave the Port Folio, pictures, stories and all, to Frank; and he, after reading them, insisted upon having them published, so that he could give copies to his play-mates.

Of course the thing had to be revised before going to press, and a great deal of money was

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laid out in getting the pictures engraved. Frank and myself have had a world of trouble too, in looking over the proof sheets.

However, we have made out the end of it at last; and here it is. I hope the readers will find its contents palatable and satisfactory; answering to the eulogium on the title page of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, which declares that the said Almanac contains a great variety of **NEW, USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING MATTER.**

ROBERT RAMBLE.

Applehill, Aug. 24th, 1835.

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THE

YOUTH'S PORT FOLIO.

ON THE ADVANTAGE OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

IN every period of life the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty ; curiosity and fancy are awake ; and the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition. They seem to become every well educated person,—they adorn, if they do not dignify humanity ; and what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to the hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence

of domestic life. But in the acquisition of knowledge of a higher kind,—in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature, and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the gospel,—there is a pleasure of a sublimer nature. The cloud which, in their infant years, seemed to cover nature from their view, begins gradually to resolve. The world in which they are placed opens with all its wonders upon their eye; their powers of attention and observation seem to expand with the scene before them; and, while they see, for the first time, the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestic simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature. It is this period of all others, accordingly, that must determine our hopes or fears of the future fate of the young. To feel no joy in such pursuits; to listen carelessly to the voice which brings such magnificent instruction; to see the veil raised which conceals the counsels of the Deity, and to show no emotion at the discovery, are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit, of a mind unworthy of the advantages it possesses, and which is fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of those, on the contrary, who distinguish them-

selves by the love of knowledge, who follow with ardour the career that is opened to them, we are apt to form the most honourable presages. It is the character natural to youth, and which, therefore, promises well of their maturity. We foresee for them, at least, a life of pure and virtuous enjoyment, and are willing to anticipate no common share of future usefulness and splendour.

In the second place, the pursuits of knowledge lead not only to happiness, but to honour. "Length of days," in the words of Scripture, "is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honour." It is honourable to excel even in the most trifling species of knowledge, in those which can amuse only the passing hour. It is more honourable to excel in those different branches of science which are connected with the liberal professions of life, and which tend so much to the dignity and well-being of humanity. It is the means of raising the most obscure to esteem and attention; it opens to the just ambition of youth some of the most distinguished and respected situations in society; and it places them there with the consoling reflection, that it is to their own industry and labour, in the providence of God, that they are alone indebted for them. But to excel in the higher attainments of knowledge,—to be distinguished in those greater pursuits which have commanded the attention, and exhausted the abilities of the wise

in every former age, is perhaps, of all the distinctions of human understanding, the most honourable and grateful. When we look back upon the great men who have gone before us in every path of glory, we feel our eye turn from the career of war and of ambition, and involuntarily rest upon those who have displayed the great truths of religion, who have investigated the laws of social welfare, or extended the sphere of useful knowledge. These are honours, we feel, which have been gained without a crime, and which can be enjoyed without remorse ; they are honours also which can never die,—which can shed lustre even upon the humblest head,—and to which the young of every succeeding age will look up as their brightest incentives to the pursuit of virtuous fame.

APPLICATION.

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come, may not come to thee, it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly ; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

THE TWO THIEVES AND THE BEAR.

A FABLE.



A COUPLE of thieves, knowing of a calf that was kept in an ox's stall, had determined to steal it away in the dark, and accordingly appointed the hour of midnight, for meeting at the place to accomplish their evil design: one of them was to keep watch on the outside, whilst the other was to go into the stall, and lift the calf out of the window.

On the night proposed, they accordingly went to the place; and one of them entered the window of the ox's stall, whilst he that remained on watch, not without much fear of detection, desired his companion to make as much haste as possible: but he that was within answered, that the animal was so heavy and unmanageable, that he could not lift him from the ground, much less to the window: the other's impatience now increasing by the delay, he began to swear at him for his clumsy awkwardness, and at last told him to give the business up, if he could not accomplish it quickly, and make the best of his way out of the stall; for, if they remained in this manner till daylight, they should certainly be discovered. The other with many oaths replied, that he believed it was the devil himself he had to deal with; for, said he, "I cannot now even get out myself, he has got such fast hold of me."—The companion, no longer being able to stay with safety, ran off and left him to his fate.

The fact was this: the calf had been removed from the stall, soon after the thieves had seen it there, to make room for a bear that had been brought into the town as a show; and it was this great beast that the thief had the misfortune to encounter, and who kept hugging him till the morning, when he was discovered by the master of the bear, and taken to prison.

APPLICATION.

The innumerable dangers which attend the wicked are such as make an honest man shudder at the thought. There are not only those from the law and the enmity of mankind towards them, but dangers surround them on every side, from the perilous situations in which they are perpetually placed.

Strange! that men should give up safety, tranquillity and a good name, for danger, trouble and infamy; preferring idleness and dissipation for a short period, accompanied with shame and disease, to that wholesome labour which brings with it opulence, health, and most commonly long life. A knave may gain more than an honest man for a day, but the honest man will gain more than the knave in a year.



THE COW-BOY.

A BOY was employed in tending a cow in a paddock contiguous to a garden. Looking up, he saw a cherry-tree, and spied some ripe cherries upon it, which appeared so red and so tempting, that he longed to pluck them. He therefore left the beast, and climbed the tree. The animal finding herself no longer under restraint, went into the garden, and cropped and ate flowers and plants at pleasure, and trampled the rest under her feet.

When the boy perceived what the cow had done, he was very angry, came down from the tree, and ran and beat the cow, and inveighed bitterly against her.

The father of the boy, who had seen all that had passed, then stepped up to him, and said sternly: Who most deserves this punishment, thou or the animal, which doth not know good from evil. Hast thou not indulged thine appetite as well as the brute which thou oughtest to have tended? And now thou inflictest unmerciful chastisement, unmindful of thy reason and of thine own fault....

Then was the boy ashamed, and he blushed at the rebuke of his father.

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

A FABLE.



THE muslin torn, from tears of grief
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she pass'd the day;
The tatter'd frock neglected lay:
While busied at the weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid,
And kindly stopping in a trice,
Thus offer'd (*gratis*) her advice:—

“ Turn, little Girl! behold in me
A stimulus to industry ;

Compare your woes, my dear, with mine,
Then tell me who should most repine :
This morning, ere you'd left your room,
The chambermaid's remorseless broom
In one sad moment that destroy'd,
To build, which thousands were employ'd !
The shock was great ; but as my life
I saved in the relentless strife,
I knew lamenting was in vain,
So patient went to work again.
By constant work a day or more,
My little mansion will restore :
And if each tear which you have shed
Had been a needle-full of thread,
If every sigh of sad despair
Had been a stitch of proper care,
Closed would have been the luckless rent,
Nor thus the day have been mispent."

EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When first I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a friend that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
Whilst other bards shall wake these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

THE TYRANT AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.



A CERTAIN Indian tyrant became hateful to his subjects from his cruelty and lawless oppressions, and all advice when offered was fatal to the adviser; when Sessa, a sage philosopher, undertook the perilous task of curing the tyrant of his hateful temper. For this purpose he invented the game of chess, wherein he shows the impotence of the king, in that game, when unassisted by his subjects.

The fame of this invention soon reached the tyrant's ears, as was intended, and he sent for Sessa to teach it to him, who instantly obeyed.

In the course of the lesson, the despot's eyes were opened, and he congratulated himself on being, as he imagined, his own discoverer of what was real wisdom. The game became his favourite pastime: he was attached in friendship to the philosopher, and soon became a mild and good sovereign.

APPLICATION.

That advice sinks deepest into our hearts which we gain by experience, or that we conceive to be the result of our own sagacity; and the ingenuity and merit of the philosopher, in the fable, are displayed in the artful manner he contrived to make the king conceive that it was himself alone, who discovered the wholesome lesson.

HISTORY OF A HUMBLE BEE.

A FABLE.

ONE fine spring morning the warmth of the sun roused a humble bee, which had slept all the winter in a snug hole under ground, lined with a soft carpet of grass and moss, at the foot of an old oak, that grew upon a steep bank. Having stretched

herself, she began to feel that she was extremely hungry ; for you must know that humble bees do not, like the hive bees, lay up a provision for the winter. The workers amongst the humble bees die in the autumn, and the females sleep all the cold weather, and do not wake till there are fresh flowers to supply them with honey. Forth sallied then Mrs. Bee in search of food. The trees had not put forth their leaves, but the willows in the hedges were covered with the long drooping tassels of flowers which children call goose and goslings, because they fancy them like the pretty downy gosling, in their softness, and in their delicate colour. The winter snow had disappeared, and the bank was carpeted with fresh springing grass, and soft moss ; and it was gay with early flowers. The pale yellow primroses, the white wood-anemonies with their pink buds, the wood-sorrel with its delicate penciled flowers, and its pretty triple leaflets ; and here and there an early violet peeped out. A squirrel that had its nest in the oak tree, was playing its gambols, now leaping from branch to branch, now racing over the grass, and at the slightest rustling noise, up to the top of the tree in an instant. The birds were singing gaily, the sun shone, and Mrs. Bee hummed loud with delight as she sipped the sweet honey, and drank the sparkling dew. However, though she felt so happy to find herself in the fresh air again,

she did not waste her precious time entirely in eating, and drinking, and play. As soon as her hunger was satisfied, the busy, busy bee set to work to construct her summer habitation, which she determined to place under the same oak tree where she had found a refuge in the winter. Accordingly she fixed upon a hole amongst the entangled roots of the tree, and began to tear up moss with her jaws, and card, or comb it clean from earth with her tiny feet. While she was thus laboriously employed, two beautiful light yellow butterflies, with bright orange spots on their wings, just escaped from their chrysalides, came fluttering by, and settled not far from our bee, upon a bunch of primroses, almost of their own colour.

“Good morning! Mrs. Humble,” said one of them, “I see this bright sun has roused you from your winter’s nap; but pray why are you toiling, over that moss, instead of enjoying yourself as we do?”

“Because,” answered prudent Mrs. Bee, “though it is very warm just now, it will be very cold when the sun sets; and besides, we may have a great deal of bad weather yet; and I must finish my house for the summer, and provide wax cells for my children, and a store of honey while it is fine.”

“Nonsense!” said the other butterfly, “leave

care till to-morrow, and come with us, and we will show you a garden where there are finer flowers than these common weeds."

"No, no," said the wise bee; "I leave the garden flowers to my relations who live in palaces made for them by those prodigious animals that we sometimes see striding along with legs like moving trees. They do not often pass my nest, but when they do, they shake the very ground over my head, and I am terrified with the thought that they may crush in my roof with their monstrous feet. Though they pretend great kindness for my relations, I have heard that they often take them by surprise, and murder them for the sake of their honey. However, I am not so much afraid of their molesting me, as my house is not rich enough to tempt them to rob me, and when they chance to see me, they do not meddle with me; for though they are so very large and strong, and I am a very little creature, I fancy they are afraid of my sting. But I have always heard that they are very fond of tormenting and hunting butterflies, and if you will take my advice you will stay upon this quiet mossy bank, and make yourselves happy among the wild flowers, and not go near their fine houses, and trim gardens." So saying, Mrs. Humble went on with her work.

The two butterflies laughed at her good advice, and agreeing that it was much pleasanter to frisk

about amongst the flowers than to card moss, away they flew to the gay garden by the bee-hives. While they were basking in the sun on a fine polyanthus, a little boy who was at play spied them out, and called to his sister that there were two butterflies, the first he had seen that year. Immediately a chase began; the poor butterflies were hunted from flower to flower round the garden, and at last one of them was crushed under the little boy's hat. The other escaped over the wall, and amused itself as long as the sun shone; but towards evening the air became very frosty, and the butterfly, pinched with cold, wished, but too late, for a warm habitation like Mrs. Humble's. He flew over the wall to the garden again, but the gay flowers could not shelter him from the night air, and before the morning he was starved to death.

Mrs. Humble, in the mean time, had made the most of her day; she had carded moss enough for the carpet of her house, and had begun to line the roof with cement to keep out the rain.

The next day and for several following days, she was equally busy. She ransacked the flowers on her bank for honey and materials for wax; then she formed a kind of paste, of which she built cells, and in these she laid three or four eggs. When this was done, she collected more wax and honey, made fresh paste, and continued to build more cells, and to lay more eggs.

Her first eggs were soon hatched, and the maggots, having eaten up all the nice honey and wax paste which had been provided for them, spun for themselves little cocoons, and changed into nymphs, and from nymphs to bees. The first produced were all workers; and they were no sooner bees, than their mother, Mrs. Humble, set them to work to enlarge their house. She taught them to be accommodating, and to help one another, which is a much quicker way of getting through business than when each works sulkily alone, or has every thing to do without the least assistance. She took them to a nice bed of moss near their house, and placed them in a line behind her; dragged out a piece of moss, combed it, and rolled it into a little ball with her fore feet and jaws, and with her hind legs pushed it back to the bee that stood close behind her. This bee sent it on in the same way to the next, and so on from one to the other till it reached the nest. In this manner they got on with their work faster and with less labour, than if each bee had carded a separate piece, and been obliged to trail it the whole way home.

Mrs. Humble laid a great many more eggs, and her numerous family, as they were hatched, laboured to enlarge the house; and besides helping their mother to make paste for fresh cells, they manufactured open round vessels, which they

filled with excellent honey. Their house was not so handsome, nor were their cells so beautifully shaped as those of the hive bees; but they were all contented and happy, because they were all busy and obliging. For better security, and to conceal the way to their increasing house from any curious passer by, they made an underground passage leading out at some distance from the nest, and nicely lined with moss. Fortunately they were not discovered by any of the enemies of their kind; no little field-mouse, or fierce pole-cat, made its way to this happy retreat. As the spring advanced, and the early flowers faded, still sweeter ones succeeded. The golden furze covered the sunny bank. Then came blue-bells, white-thorn, and honeysuckles; bean-flowers, purple clover, and tall nodding foxgloves. Later still, heath flowers were spread out in abundance. Though their family by midsummer consisted of above a hundred bees, they were plentifully supplied with honey and wax. They gathered from many flowers which hive bees would have passed over; for where the nectary or honey-cup is out of the reach of the trunk, the humble bee pierces the flower, and thus extracts its food. The bees produced from the eggs towards the end of summer, were chiefly females, and the kind called amongst hive bees drones. But in this happy family they did not deserve such a disgraceful

name ; they were neither lazy, nor ill-treated, but shared in the common labour.

Thus in perfect harmony and peace they passed their happy days, till the leaves began to fall around them ; and even till the latest autumn flowers faded. Then Mrs. Humble died in a good old age, having lived a whole year, which is a long life for a humble bee ; and having given a good example of cheerfulness and constant industry to all her household.

Many of her children had dropped off before, and none long survived her except a few females ; who finding that there were no more flowers to ransack, and that their once cheerful home was deserted, crept each into a warm hole to sleep till the next spring ; then to wake sprightly and active, to be themselves mothers of more happy families.

TRAVEL.

A FATHER resolved to send his son, a painter, into foreign countries for the purpose of increasing his store of knowledge, and improving himself in his art. When the day of his departure drew nigh, the father conducted the youth into the garden, and named to him all the celebrated cities and countries which he was to visit.

His mother, who had gone out with them, when she heard this, was affrighted and said: Who will guide his steps, and take care of him during so long a pilgrimage, that he may keep in the right way.

The father answered and said: Concern not thyself about that—God and his own heart.

He then led his son to a bee-hive, and said: Observe the simple form and manners of these insects. Their vocation is to collect abroad, the juices and dust of the flowers of the fields, and to transform them into honey and wax. The bee accordingly goes forth, mindful of its home and its destination: and God guides the insect, so that it never loses its way, and supplies it with abundance of flowers and blossoms. The father thereupon turned to his wife, saying: Is not our son worth more than many bees? Then was the mother comforted and of good cheer.



THE PAPER KITE.

A FABLE.



ONCE on a time, a Paper Kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height ;
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration :
" See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple ;
How would they wonder, if they knew
All that a Kite, like me, could do ?
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight ;
But, ah ! like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground ;

I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string."
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string;—at last it broke!
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away:
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward through the air;
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plunged it in the tide.
Oh! foolish Kite, thou had'st no wing,
How could'st thou fly without a string?
My heart replied, "O Lord, I see
How much the Kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand;
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
How oft indulged a vain desire
For something more, or something higher!
And but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH DAY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled,
The air was mild, the winds were still,
And slow the slanting sun-beams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short, but balmy shower,
That hung, like gems of morning dew,
On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry flower:

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain-side, and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The Butterfly, on pinions light,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant helplessness she knew,
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textured wings enfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold:

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her brodered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail,
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure! range the fields,
Taste all the joys that Spring can give;
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,—
The lily's honey'd cup explore;
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store:

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,—
Thy moments too of short repose,
And mark thee then with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark! whilst yet I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float!

—They cease—but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy,—
“Thy hour of rest approaches near;
Prepare thee, mortal! thou must die!

“Yet start not! on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold,
A sun of milder radiance rise;
A happier age of joys untold.

“Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

“Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

“Like thee the hopeless reptile lived,
Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun;
Like thine his closing hour arrived,
His labour ceased, his web was done.

“And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

"Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?"

"Go, mortal! in thy reptile state
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go! and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth! high heir of heaven!"

EMULATION.

ENDEAVOUR to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

PRUDENCE.

HEAR the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue: set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

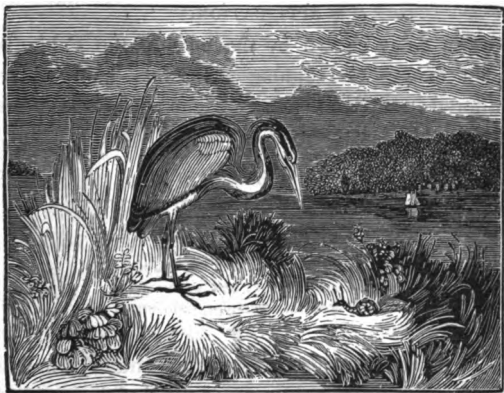
Let him that seoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

PETER THE GREAT.

ONE day as the Czar was returning from hunting, he happened to loiter behind the rest of the company, to enjoy the cool air; when looking around, he observed a boy standing on the top bar of a stile, looking earnestly about him; upon which he rode briskly up, and accosted him with, "Well, my boy, what are you looking for?" "An't please your honour," said the boy, "I'm looking out for the king." "Oh," said the emperor, "if you get up behind me, I'll show you him." The boy then mounted; and as they were riding along, the Czar said, "You will know which is the emperor, by seeing the rest take off their hats to him." Soon after the emperor came up to the party, who, much surprised at seeing him so attended, immediately saluted him: when the Czar, turning round his head, said, "Now do you see who's the king?" "Why," replied the boy, archly, "it is one of *us two*, but I'm sure I don't know which, for we've both got our hats on."

THE DELICATE HERON.



ONE day the long-billed, long-necked, long-legged Heron was walking on the banks of a river, whose water was transparent as crystal; the carp, the pike, the trout, were wantoning up and down the stream. These the Heron might have caught with the greatest ease; but he thought it better to stay till his appetite was more keen. A little time after, his appetite came to him, and he saw tench rising from the sandy bottom; yet these were not delicate enough for his taste; so he was resolved to wait for better fare, and, like the mouse in Horace, was fantastically nice. Our bird stayed for more delicate food till not so much

as one fish appeared. His hunger was then extreme, and he thought himself happy even to meet with a poor Snail.

APPLICATION.

The delay shown by the bird in the Fable, is often exemplified among mankind: many have suffered in neglecting the advantages fortune offers them, until it is too late to retrieve the opportunity they have lost.

THE OLD WRECKER.

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name.

TOWARDS the close of the 16th century, a horrid custom still prevailed on some parts of the coast of Cornwall, in England, of luring vessels to destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, and consequently not apprehending land could be in that direction, might be induced to shape his course thither; till the foaming breakers gave too late warning of his fate, and the vessel became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians called "wreckers;" who, to legalize their plunder, frequently murdered those who had escaped drowning, and then called the wreck a "God-send."

In a hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay, dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, smuggler, and wrecker; but to his depraved mind the two latter were the favourite professions, and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience on these occasions, that he was usually leader, nor did he ever fail in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him in his deeds of iniquity, and sometimes aided in his exploits. Shocked at the wickedness of his parents, their only son had long since fled his home, and driven away by their cruelty, had sought a more honourable course of life on board a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of tracing the most distant indications of tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid, and to honest minds, a delightful aspect: the soft and azure sky had beautifully tinted the transparent sea, and the expanding waves swept with low murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay, in mild and stately majesty playfully casting up their white foamy margins, and gently splashing the feet of

the craggy rocks. Not more hateful were the beams of the orb of day to Satan, as described by the poet, than was this quiescent state of nature to Terloggan's dark mind: in his impatience he cursed the protracted summer, and hailed the approaching dreary season as more congenial to his interest. At length he saw, with savage delight, the sun sink in angry red beneath the cloudy horizon; he heard, with exulting feelings, the hollow murmuring of the wind, and beheld the blackening waves rising in angry roar, lashing the lofty rocks with the ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud blast of the contending elements seemed enough to overawe any mind but Terloggan's. "Now's the time, boy," said the old hag his wife; "go th' ways out 'pon the cleaves—there's death in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay; the lantern was displayed in the usual manner, and he soon observed a light at sea, as if in answer to his own signal; which caused the old demon to rejoice in anticipation of speedy success. The light evidently approached nearer, and ere an hour had elapsed, the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be discerned through the darkness, and the uproarious cry on board, at the discovery of their danger, could be

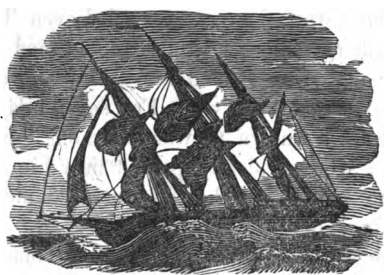
distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were fired—the loud commands, “*all hands on deck,*” and “*About ship,*” were uttered in a wild despairing tone: every exertion was made to carry into effect the salutary orders; but, alas! the redeeming moment was passed, the vessel was completely embayed, nor strength nor skill could avert her impending fate. In a few moments the tremendous crash, the heart-rending, but fruitless cries for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal gun gave a momentary view too shocking to be described. Alas! indeed it was a piteous scene that followed: the stranded vessel, thrown with reiterated blows against the rugged rocks, soon parted; the broken waves were dashing over the shattered hull in relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; while the mingled cries of the drowning and the despairing, with the terrific roar of the striving elements, seemed like Nature’s last expiring hour.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that was Terloggan. He impatiently waited till the storm had somewhat moderated, and when silence indicated that death had done its work, he descended the well-known cliffs to grasp his prey. Unmoved by the horrible

spectacle, he stood awhile and gazed with fiend-like pleasure on the rich booty that lay around him, (for the rising moon now shot forth her light,) as if at a loss where to begin his work; but to his surprise and dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would bar the wrecker's claim. To despatch this poor unfortunate, was his immediate object; then scrambling over the rocks, as if to save him from destruction, he becomes his murderer. He rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and then, laden with the most portable articles of plunder, bent his footsteps homeward. "Well, fayther, what luck?" exclaimed the old woman, as he entered. "Never better," replied Terloggan; "look, zee, mauther," pointing to his plunder. He then described the success that attended his stratagem, not even withholding the particulars of the murder: after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring belonging to the murdered man. As he held the ring near the light, he recognized its form and certain marks on it:—he started back, his countenance fell, and he quickly passed it to his wife. She, too, well knew from whose hand it must have been taken, and no sooner examined it, than she exclaimed, "Plaise God, thee'st murdered our son Tom!—O, my son—my poor dear son!" and sunk on the floor, rolling about in frantic

ravings. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings, and chid the old woman's hasty conclusion; although he was himself secretly stung to the heart, and too apprehensive of the dreadful deed he had committed. He lay on his bed, however, and tossed to and fro till the morning, when, with the dawn of day, he walked forth to ascertain if he had really been the destroyer of his child. He reached the spot where he had left the body, and as soon as his eye lighted on the countenance, he beheld his only son. Who can describe the deep remorse that now stung his soul—who can paint the horror that now pervaded even Terloggan's hitherto callous heart? He returned to his hovel, and having related the doleful news, fled the face of man for ever. For several days and nights he was known to wander among the rocks—many, who accidentally passed near him, shuddered to behold his horror-struck countenance, and to hear his wild ravings of despair. There was, indeed, a tempest in his soul, black and horrible, the transcript of what he had so lately witnessed: and the dreadful forebodings of his conscience, as to futurity, forbade him to call the grave a hiding place. Thus overwhelmed by despair, and hurried to self-destruction, his mangled body was found dashed to pieces among the rocks, and was buried in the sands, not far from the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood.

For a considerable period, the fishermen and smugglers—some of whom had been his companions in iniquity—would feel a chill of horror in passing near the spot, and observed a melancholy silence, while their superstitious fears often traced, in the hollow murmurings of the winds and waves, the doleful cries of the murdered son and the despairing groans of the remorse-stung father.



THE EPICURE AND THE PHYSICIAN.



Two hundred years ago, or more,
An heir possess'd a miser's store ;
Rejoic'd to find his father dead,
Till then on thrifty viands fed ;
Unnumber'd dishes crowned his board,
With each unwholesome trifle stored.
He ate—and long'd to eat again,
But sigh'd for appetite in vain :
His food, though dress'd a thousand ways,
Had lost its late accustom'd praise ;
He relish'd nothing—sickly grew—
Yet long'd to taste of something new.
It chanced in this disastrous case,
One morn betimes he join'd the chase :

Swift o'er the plain the hunters fly,
Each echoing out a joyous cry:
A forest next before them lay;
He, left behind, mistook his way,
And long alone bewildered rode,
He found a Peasant's poor abode
But fasting kept, from six to four,
Felt hunger, long unfelt before;
The friendly swain this want supplied,
And Joan some eggs and bacon fried.
Not dainty now, the Squire in haste
Fell to, and prais'd their savoury taste;
Nay, said his meal had such a goût
He ne'er in tarts and olios knew.
Rejoic'd to think he'd found a dish,
That crown'd his long unanswer'd wish,
With gold his thankful host he paid,
Who guides him back from whence he stray'd;
But ere they part (so well he dined)
His rustic host the Squire enjoin'd
To send him home next day a stock
Of those same eggs and charming hock.
He hoped this dish of savoury meat
Would prove that still 'twas bliss to eat;
But ah! he found, like all the rest,
These eggs were tasteless things at best;
The bacon not a dog could touch,
So rank—he never tasted such!
He sent express to fetch the clown,
And thus address'd him with a frown:
"These eggs, this bacon, that you sent,
For Christian food were never meant;
As soon I'll think the moon's a cheese,
As those you dress'd the same with these.
Little I thought"—"Sir," says the Peasant,

"I'm glad your worship is so pleasant ;
You joke, I'm sure ; for I can swear,
The same the fowls that laid them are ;
And know as well that all the bacon
From one the self-same flitch was taken :
The air, indeed, about our green
Is known to make the stomach keen."
"Is that the case ?" the Squire replied ;
"That air shall be directly tried."
He gave command—a house he hired,
And down he goes with hope inspired,
And takes his cooks—a favourite train ;
But still they ply their art in vain.
Perhaps 'twas riding did the feat :
He rides,—but still he cannot eat.
At last a friend, to physic bred,
Perceived his case ; and thus he said :
"Be ruled by me, you soon shall eat,
With hearty gust, the plainest meat :
A pint of milk, each rising morn,
Procure from cow of sable horn ;
Shake in three drops of morning dew
From twig of ever-verdant yew ;
It must by your own hand be done,
Your face turn'd westward from the sun ;
With this, ere half an hour is past,
Well crumb'd with biscuit, break your fast ;
Which done, from food (or all is vain)
For twice three hours and one abstain ;
Then dine on one substantial dish,
If plainly dress'd, of flesh or fish."
Grave look'd the Doctor as he spake ;
The Squire concludes th' advice to take,
And, cheated into temperance, found
The bliss his former luxury drown'd.

THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE day is over, my frolic child!
Thou hast left thy sports of glee;
With looks composed, and with accents mild,
Thou hast sunk on thy bended knee;
And the moonbeams play on thy hazel eye,
And shine on thy flaxen hair,
While thy voice is raised to the Power on high,
In a simple *Evening Prayer*.

Few are thy words, my gentle boy,
Thou art but of infant years,
Thou canst not tell of the world's vain joy,
Its temptations, toils, and years;
But thou still canst ask from the Lord above,
His protecting grace and care;
And each earthly friend who has won thy love,
Is named in thy *Evening Prayer*.

Ere thy lips could a lengthened sentence frame,
Or utter a perfect tone,
We taught thee to lisp thy Maker's name,
And bow at his heavenly throne;
We bade thee gaze on the bright blue skies,
And told thee his home was there,
And he will not the simple words despise
Of our infant's *Evening Prayer*!

THE SNAIL AND THE BEES.

I WILL tell you a droll story of the manner in which some bees treated a snail who marched into their hive with his house upon his back, as if he really meant to take up his quarters with them. He fixed himself to the side of the hive, as you may often see these creatures sticking against a wall, waiting till a refreshing shower of rain invites them to put their heads out of the shell. The bees did not at all like the intruding snail's company; but finding that they could not pierce his hard shell, and sting him to death, they very cunningly bethought themselves of glueing him so fast that, when he had a mind to put his nose out, he should find himself a prisoner for life. So they went to work, so many at once, and so busily with their propolis, that before slow Mr. Snail had once thought of peeping out, they had fixed his shell fast to the side of the hive, and turned his house into his tomb.

WHEN you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation—but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn content.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

THE house of a Greek, living in the suburbs of Constantinople, had been set on fire: by the assistance, however, of a few janissaries, he had nearly saved all his goods; but by some fatal chance, one of his children, lying in its cradle, had been forgotten. No possibility was left of re-entering the house, and the despairing father had given up the babe as irrecoverably lost. At that very instant, a large mastiff, the property of the Greek, was seen coming out of the house, holding the child in its mouth by the body. Vain were the attempts to stop him, or to make him loose his hold; the sagacious creature ran through the crowd, and never stopped, till, reaching the house of his master's intimate friend, he dropped at the door the precious burthen. The gratitude of the father towards this excellent servant cannot be expressed! nor could you imagine what reward he resolved to bestow upon the faithful creature! The Greek killed the animal with his own hand, and had the carcase dressed, which was served up as a principal dish at an entertainment he had prepared to solemnize his child's providential escape from the devouring element, saying, "He has behaved too well to be left a prey to filthy worms, men alone should feed upon his remains; and ye, my guests, cannot but profit by it; you will grow more benevolent, feeling and virtuous."

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

A FABLE.

THERE once was a Cat, of all tabbies the flower,
Who with zeal so unwearied would vermin devour,
That her master's wide buildings she clear'd in a trice,
Destroy'd all the Rats and two-thirds of the Mice.
The remnant there left,—poor unfortunate souls!—
Were starv'd, as they scarcely dar'd peep from their holes.
For, like the furr'd Cats of old Rabelais' forum,
She seiz'd 'em, and bit 'em, and claw'd 'em, and tore 'em.
Puss, in short, through the granary, stable and house,
Was the utter abhorrence of every Mouse.
E'en the sound of her name all the Mice of the barn hate ;
They think her no Cat, but a devil incarnate.
One night, (for, tho' cruel, what heart is love-proof?)
With a friend, an appointment she made on the roof.
The Mice, when they ceas'd to see, hear or smell her,
Quickly summon'd a chapter to meet in the cellar.
The cause was proclaim'd in a manner precise,
To save from perdition the whole race of Mice.
They met :—other members had nought to propose,
When the Dean of the synod with gravity rose.
"I have hit on a plan," said the senior, "with me
I think, my dear friends, you'll not fail to agree :
Of our velvet-shod foe the rapidity such is,
Ere we hear her light footsteps we feel her sharp clutches ;
On the matter in hand I'll not tediously dwell ;
My scheme—round her neck is to fasten a bell ;—
And then, on our haunts as this savage beast pounces,
Her approach, in a moment, this warning announces.
By night and by day a strict watch duly keeping,
A time may be found when this demon is sleeping :

This done, no more danger we fear from her claws."
He ceas'd, and the conclave all murmur'd applause.
Said a long whisker'd Mouse, "For this able oration,
We owe to our president much obligation,
And the plan has been voted by just acclamation;
There nothing remains but this question to ask:
What Mice volunteer for this difficult task?"—
Now silence ensued:—when he urg'd a reply,
The answer return'd by each Mouse was, "Not I!"
Grimalkin appear'd; soon dissolv'd the divan,
And away to their holes every Mouse of them ran!



SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.



I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and, if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it, as follows:—

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was

contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to

lamentation and wo. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waters rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked

gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

“My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same; till she, at length, drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, which Heaven has destined for the seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them, merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance or absurd per-

verseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of man, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What!" cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence or luxurious ease, in the tumults of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind, living to animal or trifling ones debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic na-

tures, unmingled felicity ever blooms ; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whosoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature and needful severities of medicines in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart. So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulf into which thou wast but now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities ; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them shall be assisted, accepted and rewarded. To such a one the lowliest self abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes ; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are shall be

enabled, under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence are set no bounds. To him who is animated with the view of obtaining approbation of the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercise of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man, in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects and noble capacities; but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each indi-

vidual is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of its final destination.

“Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being, is by such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village and a new risen sun, darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.



A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

WILLIAM was the son of a clergyman in the country. At the time when he was eight or nine years old, his father was very ill; and the care of the family and the education of the children rested for the time entirely upon his mother, who was fortunately a woman of very superior understanding, and consequently well fitted for the task.

It was in the month of November that he one day obtained leave of his father to go and pay a visit at his uncle's house, at a few miles distance. He had a donkey, of which he was very fond. The poor animal was a great favourite with all his brothers and sisters; and though they had often the pleasure of riding it by turns, yet it was never ill-used by any of them, but led a comfortable and happy life.

Well, upon this donkey little William rode when he went to visit his uncle: it was a fine autumnal day, and he had a delightful ride. The chief part of the road was cut through a wood, and William amused himself as he went along in watching the squirrels, which were jumping about in the branches.

When William arrived at his uncle's, he found a large party of boys and girls, beside his cousins, waiting his arrival; and the day passed so quickly,

(as happy days are apt to do,) that it was much later than William was aware of before he mounted his donkey again, and set off upon his return.

His mother, who had been taken up by her attendance upon her husband all day, as soon as she saw the sun declining, began to look out for her little boy; and as he was not yet arrived, she put on her hat and shawl, and went out to meet him. She walked some little distance, but as she could not see him she was obliged to return, as she feared her husband would miss her, and inquire into the cause of her unusual absence; and she could not bear to make him uneasy about William, because the least anxiety of mind would have endangered his life.

It now grew darker and darker, and yet little William did not return; and his mother, who began to be alarmed lest some accident should have befallen him, sent off a servant on horseback to meet him, with orders that he should go on to her brother's house, unless he met little William on the road.

She waited a tedious hour without any relief to her suspense, and at the end of that time the servant returned, and said that Master William had set off two hours ago, and ought to have been at home long before. This intelligence, of course, doubled the alarm of his mother, who now sent every servant out in search of him; and at the

same time that she felt herself almost distracted by apprehension, she still concealed it from her husband, and suffered the shutters to be shut, and the candles to be brought in, as usual; but hour after hour passed, and he was not to be found.

Bed-time arrived, and William's mother, having seen every thing done that was in her power to provide for his safety, resolutely determined, for fear of alarming her husband, to go to bed as usual, though she was herself much too unhappy to sleep for a moment.

All this time poor William had lost his way in the wood. He knew the road very well by daylight; but the sun was setting when he left his uncle's, and by the time he got into the middle of the wood it was quite dark; and having taken a wrong turning, he soon found himself in a sort of wilderness, where, though he could just get on through the underwood with much difficulty, yet nothing like the right road could he find. He tried first going a little to the left, and then a little to the right, and then he got off and led his donkey backwards and forwards, still expecting to get back into the road; but instead of this, he only ran up against a great tree, or fell over an old stump of one, or tore his legs in the brambles. So at last he was obliged to give it up, and then he began to feel very much frightened. He was frightened for *himself*, when he thought of staying alone all

night in the wood; but he was not a *selfish* child, he did not think only of his *own* distress; the thoughts of his mother and his poor father came into his mind, and putting his hands before his face, he burst into tears.

In a very little while, however, he recovered himself, and drying his eyes, determined to make another attempt to find his way on. This was quite as unsuccessful as before. After wandering about for a long time, he at last came to an open place in the wood: here he stopped, and tried to rally his spirits, by thinking of all the most entertaining things he had ever heard or read of. "Now," thought he, "if I was a wild man of the woods, I should live all my life in such a place as this: or if I was Robin Hood, I should take up my quarters here with Little John, and call to my 'merry-men all' to come and feast with me. But I have neither merry-men to call, nor feast to eat, and it begins to be very, very cold," said he, shuddering from head to foot, and feeling that these fanciful thoughts were not sufficient to entertain him now. "Perhaps I shall die before the night is over," thought he, as the wind whistled mournfully amongst the trees, and the dry leaves pattered down at his feet. "I shall die with cold, and my poor donkey, too, will be starved to death. My father and mother will never see me again: and perhaps they will never know what is become

of poor William! And what *will* become of me if I die?"

This awful question, which seldom occurs in full force to so young a mind, carried his thoughts immediately to God, and he knelt down and said his prayers. William had often prayed before, but never with such sincerity and fervour as now. No human being ever addressed himself to God, in spirit and in truth, without finding comfort and support, let his situation be ever so forlorn and desolate; and little William arose from his knees cheered and animated.

As he raised his eyes towards heaven, he saw the twinkling stars, which now appeared in the sky; and as they shone through the dark branches of the trees, he recollected the pious instructions of his good father; and many of the lessons which his mother had taught him, came into his mind, and brought support and comfort with them. He thought of the great and good God who is equally present everywhere, who, "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and to whom "the night is as clear as the day." He repeated the lines he had learned,

"My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

While he was engaged in these comforting meditations, he heard a noise at a little distance; he listened, and thought it was only the wind

rustling amid the branches of the trees; but in another instant he heard the sound of a man's voice, and halloo! halloo! resounded from different parts of the wood. "Perhaps it is a robber!" thought William; but the next instant he considered that a robber would not want to make himself heard; and as he was sure it was much more likely to be some of his father's servants sent out in search of him, he immediately hallooed in return as loud as he possibly could. But poor William had the disappointment of hearing the sound of the voices grow fainter and fainter, till at last they died away in the distance, and he could distinguish them no longer.

As he now gave up all hope, and was almost worn out with fatigue and cold, he determined, with great presence of mind, upon the best plan for preserving his life. He took off the saddle from the donkey's back (who was glad of the relief,) and immediately laid down upon the mossy ground, and repeating the words, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest," he stretched himself across the back of his poor donkey, hoping that the warmth of the animal would keep him alive, and in this situation the poor little fellow sunk into a sound and peaceful sleep.

At the dawn of morning, the servants, who had been all night continuing their search, discovered the poor little boy. He was still sleeping in all

the security of innocence. They gently raised him up, and wrapping him in a warm cloak, carried him with all speed to the arms of his happy mother.

THE WAGONER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE rain so soft had made the road,
 That, in a rut, a wagon-load,
 The poor man's harvest, (bitter luck!)
 Sunk down a foot, and there it stuck.
 He whipp'd his horses, but in vain;
 They pull'd and splash'd, and pull'd again,
 But vainly still; the slippery soil
 Defied their strength, and mock'd their toil.
 Panting they stood, with legs outspread;
 The driver stood, and scratch'd his head:
 (A common custom, by-the-by,
 When people know not what to try,
 Tho' not, it seems, a remedy.)
 A Butterfly, in flower conceal'd,
 Had travell'd with them from the field;
 Who in the wagon was thrown up,
 While feasting on a buttercup.
 The panting of each lab'ring beast
 Disturb'd her at her fragrant feast;
 The sudden stop, the driver's sigh,
 Awoke her gen'rous sympathy.
 And seeing the distressing case,
 She cried, while springing from her place,
 (Imagining her tiny freight
 A vast addition to the weight,
 "I must have pity—and be gone,
 Now, master Wagoner, drive on."

MORAL.

Do not admire this Butterfly,
Young reader; I will tell you why:
At first, good nature seems a cause,
Why she should merit your applause;
But 't was conceit, that fill'd her breast:
Her self-importance made a jest
Of what might otherwise have claim'd
Your praise,—but now she must be blam'd.
Should any case occur, when you
May have some friendly act to do,
Give all *your feeble aid*—as such,
But estimate it not too much.



THE DISAPPOINTED BELLE.



“WELL, mother, here is my dress at last; one hour more and it would have been too late,” said Isabel Hamilton, as she entered the drawing-room, with a richly embroidered dress on her arm; “the carriage will call for me in an hour, and I must hasten my toilet if I would not be the last at Mrs. Starling’s.” Taking up a light, she then left the room for the important purpose of preparing for a ball. This was the first winter that Isabel had gone into company, and she was to meet, on the present occasion, a large and fashionable circle at

the house of a newly married couple, who had just returned from making the tour of Europe. They had been presented at court; they had beheld the beautiful landscapes and far-famed paintings and statues of Italy; they had visited the disinterred cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, abounding in most exquisite specimens of art, which have lain for ages undisturbed; they had seen the curiosities of Germany, the beauties of sunny France, and had gazed with veneration on the classic ruins of Greece; they had been introduced to the society of the literati of England, and had now returned to enjoy a life of elegance and comfort, amidst their old and valued friends.

On the present occasion, Isabel was more than usually anxious about her appearance. She had already tasted the sweet but poisonous draught of flattery, and her heart throbbed with anticipations of pleasure in its renewal, as she commenced her toilet. Many an ornament was tried on and removed, and many times was her hair disarranged before Isabel was satisfied. Her maid, wondering at her unusual caprice, exerted herself in vain to please her mistress, and the time-piece gave notice of the appointed hour, while she was in the act of clasping her belt. At length her toilet was completed, and as Isabel surveyed the image in her mirror, a blush of "self-approving beauty" stole to her cheek; and in truth, a lovely form and face

was there reflected, in most becoming attire. A transparent dress, over white satin, fitted close to her figure and displayed its perfect symmetry; a belt clasped with brilliants encircled her waist, and the delicate whiteness of her neck rivaled the necklace of pearl which rested upon it. Her small and well-formed feet were encased in white kid shoes, and a head-dress of ostrich feathers added grace and dignity to her whole costume. She soon arrived at the elegant dwelling of her friends, and was received by them with the utmost hospitality.

On entering the ball-room, she found her cousin Lucy Stevens, dressed in a simple but becoming manner. Not wishing to appear intimate with any *unfashionable* acquaintance, she spoke to Lucy with less cordiality than might have been expected between relatives, but in the confusion of the glittering scene, she did not seem to observe it.

Isabel was soon engaged for several sets, and after dancing for a long time, she sat down, much fatigued. She had watched Lucy attentively during the evening, and was surprised and mortified to observe that she was engaged for every set, and that partners were continually applying in vain; such partners too, as Isabel considered much more agreeable than her own. She at last refused to dance any more, and seated herself nearer to Lucy, whose expressive countenance

was lighted up with a smile of the liveliest enjoyment, and whose slight, graceful figure seemed as if dancing was its most natural movement. Her conversation was witty, but never malicious, and gave evidence of a well-cultivated mind, even in the trifling observations of a ball-room.

Isabel had formed great anticipations of pleasure from this evening, but as is often the case, they were more agreeable than the reality. The idea that her cousin, less beautiful and less richly-dressed than herself, should attract more attention, perplexed her extremely, and gave her much uneasiness. She sat comparing herself and Lucy, till she became so discontented and unhappy, that she heartily wished she had stayed at home. Whenever Lucy resumed her seat, she addressed her kindly, and endeavoured to draw her into conversation, but her efforts were unavailing, and Isabel remained silent and abstracted. At a late hour the company separated, and Isabel found herself once more in the presence of her mother. Fatigued, disappointed and vexed, she could scarcely restrain her tears; but making an effort to subdue her feelings, she informed her of what she had noticed.

“ Was it not singular, mother, that Lucy should receive so much attention? She was universally admired, and I did not hear one unfavourable remark upon her; yet I never thought her so fasci-

nating; she is not remarkably handsome, and her dress was by no means conspicuous. She wore plain bouk-muslin, with a pink belt and shoes, and a few rose-buds twined through her hair; but no ear-rings, no bracelets, no jewels of any description."

"I am not astonished, my own Isabel, at what you have remarked; but I confess, it grieves me to find that envy, that bane to all happiness, has entered your heart. I regret your disappointment, but you may trace it all to this debasing passion. Banish it from your breast, my child, if you would hope to secure the love of your friends and acquaintances. Your cousin is amiable, intelligent and handsome, and has very sweet and graceful manners; she devotes herself so assiduously to the happiness of others, and appears to think so little of herself, that she seldom fails to win the esteem and friendship of those who know her. If, instead of envying, you endeavoured to imitate her, you would never have reason to think yourself neglected.

"I fear, also, that vanity has been busy in your breast; you expected too great a share of adulation, more than is due to a young and private individual, though she may be blessed with a fine form and face, and enjoy all the luxuries of life. If your expectations had been less, I doubt not, your gratification would have been greater: but go

now to your apartment, my beloved Isabel; your cheek is pale, and your eye is dim, and your spirits, I see, need repose. In the morning when you rise, refreshed in body and mind, you will feel differently on this subject."

"Good night, dearest mother."

"Good night."

GOOD FOR TRADE.

THE late well-known Sandy Wood, surgeon, in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal, not above twelve years of age, breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him what he meant by thus destroying honest people's windows? "Why, it's all for the good of trade," replied the young urchin. "I am a *glazier*." "All for the good of trade, is it?" said Sandy, raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head: "There, then, that's for the good of *my* trade—I am a *surgeon*."

THE BAMBOO.

"AMONG the trees which attracted our attention," says Dr. Walsh, in his *Travels in Brazil*, "were the different species of bamboo, some of which were of enormous size, and some of singular beauty. Of the first kind were many that measured two feet in circumference, sending out large lateral branches, and so tall as to resemble forest trees. Others of equal magnitude, without any branches, shot out a single stem, divided into regular joints, smooth and tapering to a point, till they attained an immense height. Some were not so thick, but ran up till they became so slender that they bent down, gradually tapering to a very fine point, as thin as a horse-hair, and waving across the road like long fishing-rods. I cut one of them, which had shot up from the valley below, about the middle, where it was not quite so thick as my wrist. After carrying it for some time in my hand, where it felt lighter than a cart-whip, I laid it along the road, and measured its length, when I found it fifteen yards long, so that the entire plant must have been ninety feet, tapering and polished the whole way with the most exquisite finish." Another kind was so prolific, that it covered the whole surface of the forest, climbing to the tops of the highest trees, and clothing them

with the most exquisite verdure. Sometimes it ran from tree to tree, covering the whole sloping surface of a glen with a level uniform curtain of the richest drapery. This vegetable substance is called "the grass of the thicket." It yields the cattle a supply of green and wholesome fodder at all seasons. A great part of the soil of India is covered with forests of bamboo. This tree is adapted to various purposes. It is used in building, for furniture, and fishing implements, and to support a kind of litter or bed, called a palanquin, which is carried about on the shoulders of men, and used as a sedan-chair is in Europe.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.

In 1587, a private man, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, or what was better, animated by a congenial soul, sailed with every provision for settling the important island of Newfoundland, which had been discovered by Cabot in 1496. On his return to England he was swallowed up by the ocean. His love of improvement, and his piety, never forsook him. He was seen sitting, unmoved, in the stern of the ship, with a book in his hand, and often heard to say, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as at land."

EMIGRATION OF THE PORTUGUESE COURT
TO BRAZIL.

EUROPE had never yet beheld one of its princes compelled to seek an asylum in his colonies; such an intention had once been formed by the Dutch, but it was reserved for Portugal to set the first example in modern history.

Had there been a previous struggle, like that of the democratic cantons in Switzerland, or of the Tyrolese, such a termination would have been not less glorious than the most signal success. Preceded as it had been by long misgovernment, and all the concessions and vacillations of conscious imbecility, still it is among the most impressive as well as most memorable events in the annals of a kingdom, fertile beyond all others in circumstances of splendid and of tragic story. The Prince had uniformly declared that to this measure he would resort, if the French entered Portugal; but he had not expected to be driven to it, and was not prepared for it. So completely indeed had he relied upon the assurance of the French legation, and of Dom Lourenço de Lima, that he had publicly assured the people all had now been settled, and there no longer existed any cause of apprehension from France. The dismay and astonishment of the Lisbonians, therefore, may well be conceived,

when a few days only after this declaration, they learnt that the French were at Abrantes, and saw the court making ready for immediate flight. The hurry and disorder of Junot's march was not unknown; his artillery had been damaged, having been dragged by oxen and peasantry over mountainous roads, a great number of his horses had died upon the way overworked, and the men themselves had been marched so rapidly and fed so ill, that a large proportion of them were more fit for the hospital than for active service. The greater part of the Portuguese army was near the capital, and wretched as the state was to which it had fallen, neither the will nor the courage of the men was doubted. The English in the fleet, with a right English feeling, were longing to be let loose against the enemy; Sir Sidney offered to bring his ships abreast of the city, and there, seconded by the indignant populace, dispute every inch of ground with the invader: "Surely," he said, "Lisbon was as defensible as Buenos Ayres!" Well might he thus feel and express himself who had defended Acre; and certain it is that Junot and all his foremost troops might have been put to the death, which they had already merited at the hands of the Portuguese, if the Prince had given the word. But such an act of vengeance, just as it would have been, would have been advantageous to Buonaparte, by giving him a colourable pretext

for treating Portugal as a conquered country: this the Prince knew; and it was in reliance upon his gentle and conscientious character, that Junot advanced in a manner which would else have appeared like the rashness of a madman.

The royal family had for some time past resided at Mafra; as soon as the emigration had been determined, they removed to Queluz, where they might be nearer the Tagus, and less exposed to any sudden attempt of the enemy. The Portuguese navy was ill equipped for sea; no care had been taken to keep it victualled, and it was now found that many of the water casks were rotten, and new ones were to be made. The morning of the 27th had been fixed for the embarkation, and at an early hour numbers of both sexes and of all ages were assembled in the streets and upon the shore at Belem, where the wide space between the river and the fine Jeronymite convent, was filled with carts and packages of every kind. From the restlessness and well-founded alarm of the people, it was feared that they would proceed to some excess of violence against those who were the objects of general suspicion. The crowd, however, was not yet very great when the Prince appeared, both because of the distance from Lisbon, and that the hour of the embarkation was not known. He came from the Ajuda, and the Spanish Infante D. Pedro in the carriage with him; the

troops who were to be on duty at the spot had not yet arrived, and when the Prince alighted upon the quay, there was a pressure round him, so that as he went down the steps to the water-edge, he was obliged to make way with his hand. He was pale and trembling, and his face was bathed in tears. The multitude forgot for a moment their own condition in commiseration for his; they wept also, and followed him, as the boat pushed off, with their blessings. There may have been some among the spectators who remembered that from this very spot Vasco de Grama had embarked for that discovery which opened the way to all their conquests in the East; and Cabral for that expedition which gave to Portugal an empire in the West, and prepared for her Prince an asylum now when the mother country itself was lost.

A spectacle not less impressive presented itself when the royal family arrived from Queluz. The insane Queen was in the first carriage; for sixteen years she had never been seen in public. It is said that she had been made to understand the situation of affairs so as to acquiesce in what was done; and that when she perceived the coachman was driving fast, she called out to him to go leisurely, for she was not taking flight. She had to wait some while upon the quay for the chair in which she was to be carried to the boat, and her countenance, in which the insensibility of madness

was only disturbed by wonder, formed a striking contrast to the grief which appeared in every other face. The widow Princess, and the Infanta D. Maria, the Queen's sister, were in the next carriage, both in that state of affliction and dismay which such a moment might well occasion. The Princess of Brazil came next, in the octagon coach, with all her children, the nurse of the youngest babe, and the two *Camareiras mores*, or chief ladies of the bed-chamber. She had been indefatigable in preparing for the voyage, and now she herself directed the embarkation of the children and domestics, with a presence of mind which excited admiration. The royal family were distributed in different ships, not merely for the sake of being more easily accommodated, but that if shipwreck were to be added to their misfortunes, a part at least might probably be preserved.

The apprehension of this danger would occur more readily to the Portuguese than to any other people, because their maritime history is filled with the most dreadful and well-known examples; and the weather at the time of the embarkation gave a fearful specimen of what might be expected at that season. It blew a heavy gale, the bar was impassable, and continued so during the whole of the succeeding day. In the evening, M. Herman, and a Portuguese, by name Jose de Oliveira Barreto, came with fresh despatches from Junot; he

had sent them down the river in pursuance of that system of deception which was to be carried on to the last. Their arrival produced no effect upon the determination of the Prince; but every hour added to the alarm and danger of his situation; and orders were given to dismantle the fortresses which commanded the river, and spike the guns in the batteries. During the night the storm abated, the weather was fair at daybreak on the 29th, a favourable wind sprung up, and the fleet crossed the bar when the enemy were just near enough to see their prey escape.



THE BOY AND THE WASP.

A FABLE.

AMONG a garden's shrubs and flowers,
Which just had drunk spring's genial showers,
With tottering step, a lively child
Sported about, with rapture wild.
A gilded Wasp, with venom'd sting,
Circled about on busy wing ;
And, round and round, he buzzing flew ;
Now farther off, now nearer drew :
His gold and splendour soon decoy,
The sportive, unsuspecting Boy ;
Who, greedy of the glittering prize,
To catch the insect vainly tries :
The Wasp escapes from place to place,
The Boy pursues in eager chase,—
Just as he deem'd he'd caught his prey,
The nimble insect stepp'd away ;
Till tired, at last, he sought repose
Upon the bosom of a Rose ;
The attentive Boy, with silent steps,
Towards the flower on tip-toe creeps ;
And cautious, now, lest he should lose
His wished-for prey, he seiz'd the Rose,
And held, within his ardent grasp,
The flower, together with the Wasp ;
Who, thus assaulted, angry grew,
And, from its sheath, his weapon drew,
And straight transfix'd the tender hand,
By which he roughly was detain'd.
The luckless Boy now shriek'd with pain,
And never chas'd a Wasp again.

MORAL.

Learn from this fable, thoughtless youth,
Of which, ere long, you'll prove the truth,
That under pleasure's fairest guise,
A secret poison often lies.

PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon earth
by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer
produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest;
so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children
of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself;
but he who is without compassion, deserveth
it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the
lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with
distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter
than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of
the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of
the poor; neither harden thine heart against the
calamities of the innocent.

**THE ADVANTAGE TO YOUTH FROM THE
SOCIETY OF OLD AGE.**



No society can be more beneficial to the young than occasional intercourse with those whom length of days hath taught wisdom, and whose comforts are derived chiefly from reason and reflection, instead of appetite and passion. Were there, indeed, no other motives to enforce it, the pleasure arising from variety would be sufficient. Unvaried gratification soon becomes tiresome and insipid; if, therefore, we wish to cultivate true happiness, we must diversify even the rational

enjoyments of life. None but the morose would debar youth from pleasure, provided it be neither vicious nor degrading; but to retire from the scenes of festivity and joy, and anticipate the benefit of experience from the admonitions of the aged, is not only the way to enlarge the understanding and fortify the heart, but the best means of rendering the return of other pleasures innocent and delightful.

By thus furnishing the mind with various powers of enjoyment, it is prevented also from being lost in sensuality, or enslaved to the idle gratifications of vanity and pride. Taught to watch for ourselves, from the strange vicissitudes that have befallen others, we first submit to the duty, and then enjoy the benefit of thought and meditation. When the pleasures of the world are interrupted, or withdrawn, which must often be the case, we can retire without regret from what delighted the eye, or charmed the ear, and derive comforts from a purer source; comforts that are independent of others, and that accompany us in solitude and silence, in the season of calamity, and at the hour of death. To acquire discipline over the mind, with which so many blessings are connected, nothing can be more effectual than frequent intercourse with the aged.

Many young persons, I know, are ready to allege their gravity and moroseness, their indiffer-

ence to amusements, or their condemnation of pleasure, as bars to this desirable society. But consider; it is not an accession of spirits and vivacity that you want; your foolish confidence and blind credulity need not be increased; and surely the ardour of your passions and desires is already sufficiently dangerous. These require not to be inflamed, but controlled; and we wish you to frequent the company of the aged for what you chiefly want, and they are particularly qualified to bestow:—habits of thought and reflection, sobriety of sentiment, the warnings of experience, and the great duty of guarding against the temptation of the world.

But you must not expect at once the beauties of the spring and the fruits of autumn; you must not be disappointed, if you do not find the wisdom of age enlivened by the gay hopes and boundless confidence of youth; nor must you regret that the exercise of the more amiable virtues is unattended with the raptures of passion, or the endearments of sensibility. That would be as preposterous as to look for roses in December, or to expect that the setting sun should shine with the fervid splendour of noon.

Besides the gradual abatement of appetite and passion, the apathy which satiety or frequent repetition produces, and not to mention the many infirmities of the aged, there are other causes to

render them, what we might call, morose, suspicious, and severe. They have seen and are assured of the folly and the danger which attend the pleasures of the world; they have often grieved, and, perhaps, suffered for the baseness and depravity of men; they have often chased the phantoms of hope, till they have vanished into air, and when other illusions supplied their place, they have grasped at happiness, perhaps, but embraced misery. Can you wonder then that prudence should sometimes teach them to apprehend evil, where you see nothing but good? And that their expectations should be moderate, their wishes sober, and their passions subdued?



THE MANCHINEAL.

THE manchineal is found in the West Indies, and always grows on the beach. It bears a small, green apple, like a golden pippin, and of exquisite odour; but it contains an extremely caustic milk, with which it is said arrows have often been poisoned. Sailors are not unfrequently deceived by its appearance, and eat it; and to do so would issue fatally, were not an antidote provided in the juice of the sugar-cane. When it is to be cut down, as the wood makes beautiful furniture, it is necessary to have a fire made round it, to cause the juice to run out safely. A friend of mine mentioned, a few days ago, that he had often seen negroes who had gone incautiously near it, whose faces were dreadfully swollen, and who were laid up in consequence for some days.

ANGER.

CONSIDER, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom: and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in a passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

HOPE AND FEAR.

THE promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are not terrors to the good; he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despair of success, thou shalt not succeed.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF ARGENTON.

A TRUE STORY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, about the year 1789, there occurred in France one of the most singular political convulsions of which history bears any record. The lower orders of the nation, headed by some individuals of influence, rose in arms against their sovereign, and after a long series of atrocities, succeeded in dethroning and beheading King Louis the Sixteenth, and in completely overturning the power of the nobles, and destroying the institution of the state.

Of these scenes of horror, one of the most active agents was a man named Robespierre, who, having raised himself to a situation of power amongst the disaffected, ruled his country with despotic tyranny; and during his temporary elevation, either the secret denunciation of an envious rival, or the false charges preferred by an open enemy, were sufficient to condemn innocence and virtue to a violent death. Any individual who was known, during the *Reign of Terror*, (as that period of the French Revolution has been termed), to afford the slightest commiseration or assistance to the proscribed victims of tyranny, was almost certain to lose his life as the penalty of his injudicious compassion; and owing to this circum-

stance, fear seemed to oppress every generous feeling of the heart, and to stifle every sentiment of humanity, in the bosoms of the greater part of the unhappy inhabitants of France.

There lived about this time, in one of the northern counties of the kingdom, called the *Département des Deux Sèvres*, a miller, in easy circumstances, whose name was Maturin, and who, so far from participating in the alarm and dread, which seemed to freeze the charity of his countrymen, sought every opportunity of conferring acts of kindness on the unfortunate people, who were flying from their homes, to avoid the horrors of prison or of death.

During this period, no suspicion had ever attached to him; and in the opinion of his neighbours, he passed for an excellent *patriot*, as the term was then understood. He contrived, however, to conceal his real feelings under an air of gaiety; and on many occasions, in order to avoid suspicion, he had even received into his mill the officers of the tyrant, and entertained them hospitably.

Toinette, his daughter, a little girl of only ten years of age, was his only confidante and companion. She was the depository of his secrets; and possessing a great deal of prudence, together with an appearance of childish innocence, she was particularly useful to her father, in aiding his ef-

forts to deceive the cruel agents of Robespierre; and shared in all his rejoicings, when they had the good fortune to rescue any innocent sufferer from their snares.

One evening, Toinette had gone down to a fountain at some distance from the mill, in order to bring home fresh water for supper when her father should return from labour. She filled her pitcher, and placing it on the ground, by the side of the well, she seated herself on a mossy bank, under the shade of a beech tree, which grew above it. The sun was just setting,—there was not the slightest noise to disturb the calm silence which reigned around her, and leaning her head on her arm, she began to reflect on some melancholy tales of recent suffering, which her father had been relating to her in the morning. She had not remained in this position more than a few moments, when she fancied she heard the voice of some one in distress, apparently very near her. She started at an incident so unusual, and listening for a moment, heard distinctly a low faint moan, which seemed to issue from a hovel not far from the well. It had formerly been a comfortable cottage; but having been destroyed by fire about a year before, little more than the four walls and a part of the roof were now remaining.

She arose instantly, and proceeding towards the ruined hut, was about to enter the door, when she

perceived the figure of a man stretched on the ground, wasted and pale, and apparently in the last struggle of death. She drew near to him without hesitation, attempted to raise his head, and asked him some questions in a voice of pity. The unfortunate man fixed his eyes intently on the little girl, and said, in a low voice, "Give me some bread; I am perishing from hunger."

At these words, the tears came into the eyes of Toinette: she knew not what to do; she had no bread with her,—and from the exhausted state of the poor sufferer, she feared to leave him to procure any, lest on her return she should find that he had breathed his last. For a few moments she hesitated what to do,—whether to go, or remain where she was: at length, thinking she had better leave him, and fetch some food, than stay with him, and perhaps see him expire before her eyes, she gently laid his head on the floor, and had proceeded a few steps from the door of the hut on her way home, when she remembered that she had a pear and some chestnuts in her pocket. The recollection of these treasures no sooner flashed on her mind, than she ran back, and placing the head of the poor man upon her knee, she put a small piece of the pear in his mouth. He had been so long without food, that it was with some difficulty he swallowed the first morsel; but by degrees he seemed to revive, and by the time he had finished

the fruit, he was so far recovered as to be able to answer the questions of the little girl.

"Tell me," said Toinette, "how long you have been in this horrible place? for your clothes are all ragged, and you cannot have been shaved for many weeks. But you shall come with me to my home: it is not far distant, and my father is kind to all who are in distress, and when you are well, he will give you employment in our mill, and every day you shall have abundance to eat, and a comfortable bed to sleep on at night."

"Alas! my child," replied Monsieur Passot (for that was the name of the unhappy man), "it is impossible for me to take advantage of the offer which you are so kind as to make me. I am unfortunately obliged to fly, and to conceal myself, far from the haunts of my fellow creatures; but I should rather prefer to perish here, than to end my days on a scaffold. I can only thank you for your kindness, but I cannot accept of it: fetch me a little bread,—it is all that I ask; and promise me faithfully that you will not mention, even to your father, your having seen me."

Toinette did all in her power to persuade Monsieur Passot to alter his determination, and to confide in her father; but finding that she could not succeed, she promised to keep his secret inviolable; and "do not think," said she, "that I will abandon you here without assistance. Oh, no! I

will procure you something to eat now, and will find the means to return to you every day, and to bring you some bread. No one shall know of your existence; and for myself, I will die rather than betray you."

When she had gone, Monsieur Passot found himself much more composed and tranquil: he was thankful for the interest which Toinette had taken in his welfare, and he considered it as an especial interference of Providence, to preserve his life. He could now keep himself concealed as long as he chose, since his little friend had undertaken to provide him with food; and he hoped to be enabled by this means to elude his enemies, till his name should be forgotten, or a new order of things in France would permit his return to his home and his family.

In a few minutes Toinette was again by his side, with some bread, and a little cup of milk, from which the poor sufferer eagerly drank, and seemed much refreshed. Toinette would have been very glad to have stayed to learn the particulars of Monsieur Passot's escape; but fearing that her father would miss her, and inquire the cause of her absence, she took a reluctant leave of her protégé; and hastening to the well, she took up her pitcher and returned to the mill, rejoicing in having had it in her power thus to save the life of a fellow creature.

The little girl, faithful to her promise, continued to supply her pensioner, at stated periods, with bread, to which she occasionally added some vegetables or cheese. Monsieur Passot took great pleasure in her intelligent and child-like conversation; and on her part, Toinette was so pleased with her friend, that she was never in a hurry to leave him and return to the mill. At the same time she was grieved to see that he had no other covering or shelter than the wretched hovel where he lay, and which was in fact more adapted for the retreat of a wild beast than that of a human being. In vain she renewed, from time to time, her entreaties that he would confide in the protection of her father, and remove to the mill: he was too generous to endanger, by his presence, the safety of honest Maturin; and preferred enduring all the horrors of his present situation, from a conviction that to their kindness he was chiefly indebted for concealment and security.

One morning, when Toinette and he were deeply engaged in conversation, they were horrified by the approach of a third person, who started suddenly from amongst the trees, and struck them with terror by his presence. Toinette, however, soon recovered her confidence, when she recognised her father; and turning to Monsieur Passot, she entreated him not to suspect her of having told Maturin of his living in the forest.

"Ask himself," said the little girl eagerly, "and he will assure you that I have not."

Her father, thus appealed to, replied, "It is very true, my child, that you never have; but how could you suppose that I could be so blind as not to observe your frequent absence, or that I should not feel uneasy when I was alone at home, whilst you have been here chatting to Monsieur. The quantities of bread, too, which you have been in the habit of carrying off, have excited my suspicions; but, Toinette, how could you think of permitting this gentleman to remain here so long in the midst of so much misery? Had you told me of his being here, I would at once have found him an equally safe and more commodious retreat.

"My good Sir," interrupted Monsieur Passot, with great emotion, "it was not the fault of this dear child, for I have uniformly resisted her entreaties to be permitted to do so; through the fear of bringing you into difficulty or danger. I have suffered so much, that, God knows! I would not willingly bring another into similar trouble."

"If that be all you fear," replied the miller, with a smile, "you may set your mind at rest. I shall run no risks; and even if I did, I have at most but *one* life to lose, and that I shall gladly endanger to serve my suffering fellow creatures. No: you must not stay here. This evening, at

dusk, Toinette shall come for you. A few days ago, I was obliged to dismiss my assistant, who was an idle fellow; you shall take his place, and do his work when you are able; but we will first rid you of this long beard, which would make you look more like a Capuchin friar than a miller's man; and having arrayed you in one of my dresses, all suspicion will be lulled, and by the assistance of Providence, all will go on securely and well. But I must leave you now,—farewell, Monsieur, for the present, and at night-fall I shall expect to see you at the mill.”

So saying, Maturin took the hand of his daughter, and both went away together, leaving the heart of Monsieur Passot swelling with gratitude to heaven, and to them, as the agents of its bounty.

At night Toinette arrived, according to promise, at the forest. She was delighted at the thought of her friend being no longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather, or deprived of the necessities of life. They left the ruined cottage together, traversed the paths of the wood in silence, and at last arrived, without having been seen, at the mill. Here Monsieur Passot was immediately shaved, and being dressed in a suit of the miller's clothes, obtained the new name of “Nicholas,” and took his seat at the table between Maturin and his daughter. A few glasses of good wine recruited his spirits, and he had soon the pleasure

of stretching his weary limbs on a comfortable bed, after lying for six weeks exposed to the dew and the rain, upon the cold, damp floor of the ruined cottage.

During the few succeeding days, wholesome and plentiful food, and above all, the tranquillity of his mind, served to recruit the strength of the stranger; and one morning he informed his good host of his previous adventures, and his melancholy story. He had been denounced, he said, and condemned to death, without being permitted to speak, or even asked for a defence, by the revolutionary committee of the town of Bressuire, where he resided. A friend, who knew his danger, and to whom he had once shown a trifling kindness, gave him information of his impending fate, in time to permit him to make his escape, under the disguise of a beggar. During his flight, he traversed each night the high-roads of the Department, and during the day, lay concealed in the woods among the lonely hills, where he happened to find himself. By these means he had reached the forest near the mill, and had hidden himself in the ruins where Toinette first discovered him. "But even here," continued he, "I should soon have perished from cold and exhaustion, had it not been for the arrival of your dear child; since the terror of falling into the hands of my enemies seldom permitted me to go beyond the walls of

my retreat, and I was fast sinking under the pains of hunger, when Toinette came in time to render me assistance, and to save my life."

One morning, soon after this conversation had taken place, Toinette came running in, out of breath, to say that four soldiers, armed with sabres and muskets, and of a very ferocious appearance, were approaching the mill from the high-road. Monsieur Passot eagerly inquired where he could hide himself.

"That would be impossible," said Maturin, "for if they search the mill, as it is likely they will, they would be sure to find you, and your fate would be inevitable. You must now put a bold face on the matter; summon up all your hardihood, and leave it to me to deceive them."

Two minutes after, the soldiers entered the mill. "Good morrow, citizen," said they, striking Maturin on the shoulder,—“here we are, four worthy fellows, sadly fatigued with following an *aristocrat*, (the name given by the revolutionists, to those who supported the party of the government and the nobility) who has unfortunately eluded our pursuit. Come, what can you give us to eat?"

"The best in my house, to be sure," replied the miller.—“Go, Toinette, put a clean napkin on the table, fetch down that piece of ham which was left from yesterday's dinner; and you, Nicho-

las, off to the cellar, and bring up four bottles of the primest Burgundy for these worthy citizens:— quick, blockhead!” he added, pushing him rudely by the shoulder; and Monsieur Passot hastened to do as he was directed. It took some minutes to perform his errand, and on his re-appearance with the wine, Maturin again seemed very angry with Nicholas for presuming to make them wait so long. He appeared, in fact, ready to strike him, and in such a passion, that the soldiers interfered to appease him, and observed that Nicholas seemed really an honest sort of a fellow, though somewhat too much of a simpleton.

The miller seated himself at table beside them; pressed them again and again to do honour to his provisions, and supplied them plentifully with wine, and then inquired what was passing in the world, or what news they were charged with.

“War,” said they, “goes on against all who oppose the progress of the Revolution. The prisons are still overflowing with criminals, in spite of the daily execution of thousands, and we are at this moment in pursuit of one of the most decided aristocrats in France,—a man called Passot, who lived at Bressuire, and was condemned by the tribunal; some traitor gave notice of his sentence, and he escaped from the city; but we know that he is at this moment not far distant from the spot where we sit, and we are in hope of soon having

him in our custody. There are five hundred crowns proclaimed as a reward for him, which we are determined to earn, if possible." They then asked for another bottle of wine, and when they had finished it, they proposed searching the mill. To this proceeding, the miller offered no resistance; but, on the contrary, ordered Nicholas to go for the keys, and to throw open all the doors in the house.

When this was done, Toinette took the hand of her father, and accompanied him through the mill; every door was opened, and the soldiers having inspected every corner, were about to retire, when one of them recollected that they had not searched the cellar, where, he said, a dozen of traitors might be concealed. Nicholas was accordingly again summoned, and the cellar was visited in due form. On coming up, they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied; they then drank another glass of wine to the health of Robespierre, and departed well pleased with the reception they had met with from the miller, his daughter, and the stupid Nicholas.

Maturin, however, began to fear that he could not long continue to shelter Monsieur Passot with equal security. He knew that such visits as this would be frequent; and in some one of them he might be surprised and discovered. He accordingly pretended that he was going a journey of fifty leagues into the country, and obtained a passport

for himself and his servant. He set off in a few days; and the miller conducted his friend in safety to the house of one of his brothers, who lived at some distance from Bressuire, and leaving him under his protection, returned home to Toinette.

Here Monsieur Passot lived securely, till the termination of the Revolution, when it was not difficult for him to prove his innocence, and reclaim his property.

In his prosperity, however, he did not forget his former benefactors. He returned to visit Maturin the miller, and justly regarding Toinette as the preserver of his life, he undertook to have her educated at one of the best schools in Paris, supplied her with masters of every description, and finally, on the sudden death of her father, adopted her as his own child, and took upon himself the charge of establishing her in the world.



THE APE AND THE BEAVER.

A FABLE.



A **PERT** Ape one day by chance made a visit to the habitations of the Beavers, who were all hard at work in their several departments; and addressing one of those industrious animals, who was busily employed in building a curious house for himself and his family, he began to make his impertinent and silly observations on the most trivial things that occurred, until the Beaver, finding he

could not go on with his work, while interrupted by this insignificant intruder, thus sharply reproved him: "Pray leave me," said he, "to my labour; go and pay your visits to such only who are as idle as yourself: at least, you should not take up the time of those to whom time is precious, and who make use of every moment to some good purpose; thus reducing them to a level with yourself."

APPLICATION.

Le Joindre, an eminent French artist, had the following pithy sentence written over the door of his study:—"Les gens oisifs sont toujours importuns aux gens occupés*."

Bad habits are as infectious as the plague. The idle make those idle with whom they associate: the vicious libertine debauches or corrupts the innocent mind till it becomes as depraved as its teacher; the quarrelsome create broils wherever they intrude; gamesters make gamesters; and thieves make thieves. There is a tendency in nature to cause every thing where it is possible to produce its likeness.

* "Those that are idle are always troublesome to those that are occupied."

LOCUSTS.

THE power and wisdom of God are totally different from the power and wisdom of man: His thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are His ways as our ways. To our finite conception it is utterly astonishing to behold the extensive and important effects which His Omnipotence produces from, apparently, the most trivial and immaterial causes; and we cannot possibly comprehend the reasons wherefore, or the means by which, He so often renders the little things of the world the origin of the events of the utmost consequence to the greater.

Among the infinite wonders of the earth, the Locust, and its terrible effects, are not the least curious. The Sacred Scriptures bear record of the dreadful plague of *locusts* with which God afflicted the proud Pharaoh, king of Egypt, for his sins; and on this account, even if there were no other incentive, it will be interesting and useful to know the nature and properties of those insects.

The Locust is a species of the genus *Gryllus*, in which genus are included also the common grasshopper and cricket.

The species of locust mentioned in Holy Writ, and of which it is our intent to treat, is about three inches in length, of a brownish colour about the head and horns, and blue about the mouth,

and on the inside of the larger legs. Its back is covered with a greenish coloured kind of shield; the upper side of the body is brown with black spots, and the under side is purple. It has two pair of wings, of which the upper are brown, having small dusky spots, and one large spot at the tip of each wing: the under wings are more transparent, being of a light brown, tinged with green, but having a dark cloud of spots near the tips.

These formidable insects are bred in the warm parts of Asia and Africa, from whence they have often infested the southern parts of Europe, where they committed terrible devastations. It is seldom that they have visited England, where the climate is of too cold a nature, and the soil too damp to favour their increase; so that, whenever any of the species have reached that country, they have invariably perished before they could produce any young to continue the race.

Locusts multiply faster than any other animal in creation, they are therefore truly terrible in their native countries. They always fly in immense swarms, and it is asserted, that whenever they remove, they have a leader at their head, whose flight they follow, and whose motions they strictly regard.

At a distance they appear like an extensive black cloud, and, on a nearer approach, so count-

less is their number, that they actually intercept the light of day.

Wheresoever they alight, they destroy every kind of vegetable, not only devouring the corn, the grass, the herbs, the fruits, and the flowers, but even stripping the trees of their leaves. It appears that they commit this perfect devastation more from an inherent rage for destroying every thing in their way, than from the impulse of a ravenous appetite, since they consume all things indiscriminately which possess vegetable life. They make no distinction between the dry and the juicy, the sweet, the sour and the bitter, the fragrant and the fœtid, the caustic and the cool, the poisonous and the innocent—all alike become their prey without predilection or favour, and they never depart from the place where they have settled, till every eatable part of vegetation is consumed.

Most warm countries are subject to the devastation of these terrible insects, though they now seldom visit Europe in such numbers as they formerly did. Those which do arrive in Europe generally come from Africa. The effects of their ravages are not so pernicious in tropical climates as in the milder regions, because in the former, the power of vegetation is so strong, that a few days will repair the damage they may have occa-

sioned; while, in the latter, years are requisite for that purpose.

In Barbary, their numbers render them very formidable. They generally begin to appear there towards the latter end of March, and remain till the middle of May, when they retire to the plains in order to deposite their eggs. In June the young broods appear, (in their first state, without wings,) which, marching in compact bodies, each of several hundred yards square, climb the trees, houses, and walls, and eat every green thing in their way. The natives endeavour to stop their progress, by digging trenches in their fields and gardens, which they fill with water, or by collecting heath, stubble, and other such combustibles, in rows, and setting fire to them. But these precautions often prove ineffectual, as the immense numbers of the locusts quickly fill the trenches, and extinguish the fires, so that comparatively few perish.

They are, however, thinned by serpents, lizards, frogs, and carnivorous birds, which prey upon them; and not unfrequently they cause a great destruction among themselves, by fighting with each other, when the victors devour the vanquished.

After continuing about a month in this worm-like state, they attain their full growth, and cast off their skins. For this purpose they attach themselves by the hinder part to a bush, twig, or

stone, when, by a peculiar undulating motion, they gradually emerge, head foremost, from the old skin. This process is generally completed in seven or eight minutes, after which they remain a little while in a languishing condition, till the sun has dried up the moisture occasioned by the transformation, and hardened their wings, when they recover their former rapacity, and evince increased agility and strength.

The Arabs consume them for food, as do also the Moors, who go to hunt them, and, after frying them in oil or butter, sell them publicly.

The female locust generally lays about forty eggs, which she secures in a retreat carefully formed for the purpose under ground. It is remarkable that these insects invariably deposite their eggs in some solitary place: for even were a million locusts to alight on a cultivated field, every female among them would seek a lonesome situation for that purpose.



ORDER.

To do any thing well, we should do every thing regularly. Without order, all things are hurried, and more time is lost in selecting what to do first, than, with a proper arrangement, would suffice to do all: hours are lost, duties neglected or ill performed, the temper ruffled, and, frequently, the most important interests irreparably injured.

Order is the parent of comfort and ease; but the perfection of order includes a perfect absence of all appearance of effort. A constant habit of putting the same things in the same places, and performing the same duties at the same times, will always enable us to find what we want, and do what is to be done, readily, pleasantly, and without any annoyance to others.

As an auxiliary, and a very powerful one, to order, we earnestly recommend to our young friends the practice of early rising. It is astonishing how much may be effected by curtailing an hour or two in the morning from indolent and unnecessary indulgence. Whether as it regards health, beauty, or mental improvement, this practice cannot be too earnestly recommended.

How cheerful is the face of Nature in early morning! and how pure and balmy is the breeze which fans the cheek of the early riser, and gives

and preserves to it, that purity of breath, and bloom of complexion, which are the very perfume and essence of beauty!

But a more important consideration, which should have proportionately greater weight in inducing us to rise early, is the certainty, that our *Creator will call upon us for an account of our lives*; and that the time which is given to sloth, will be charged against us as ill spent. Short as human life is, the sluggard renders it still shorter; and adds to the awfulness of his future account a new sin, in every minute of sluggish inaction and criminal indulgence.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

THE duty of brothers towards each other, ought to need very little explanation or enforcement. Owing their existence to the same parents; nurtured with the same care, and participating in the same advantages; they ought to be as closely connected in love as in blood and circumstances. Unhappily, however, both experience, and the records of our criminal courts, teach us that these considerations are but too frequently lost sight of, and envy, hatred and anarchy, take place of affection and unity. How injurious it is to a family to be divided by angry passions, it is needless to say;

but the direct injury springing from such a division, great as it undoubtedly is, falls infinitely short of that indirect and almost inconceivable injury arising from the want of a unity of possessions, purposes and exertions.

Union is the very soul of strength; and brothers are better fitted for a union, both as to affection and pursuits, than any person less closely allied. If their pursuits are the same, their united efforts can scarcely fail to be successful; and even where their pursuits are of the most opposite nature imaginable, they can be of immense service to each other. But apart from all considerations of a mere worldly nature, the friendship of brothers is not only productive of the purest delight to themselves as individuals, but is both pleasing and profitable to society, and a most acceptable sight to that Being from whom all good, all pure, all holy, and all excellent things proceed. In a word, brotherly love is delightful to those who hear it, grateful and profitable to society, and pleasing to God; while hatred, odious wherever it may subsist, becomes demoniac in brothers, exposes them to the dislike and distrust of society; renders them hateful to themselves, and offensive to God; unfits them for happiness or prosperity in this world; and lays up for them a fearful store of sin to be accounted for in the never-ending world that is to come.

HONOUR, PRUDENCE AND PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.



HONOUR, Prudence, and Pleasure undertook to keep house together. Honour was to govern the family, Prudence to provide for it, and Pleasure to conduct its arrangements.

For some time they went on exceedingly well, and with great propriety; but, after awhile, Pleasure getting the upper hand, began to carry mirth to extravagance, and filled the house with gay, idle, riotous company, and the consequent expenses threatened the ruin of the establishment. Upon

this Honour and Prudence, finding it absolutely necessary to break up the partnership, determined to quit the house, and leave Pleasure to go on her own way.

This could not continue long, as she soon brought herself to poverty, and came a begging to her former companions, Honour and Prudence, who had now settled together in another habitation.

However, they would never afterwards admit Pleasure to be a partner in their household, but sent for her occasionally, on holydays, to make them merry, and in return, they maintained her out of their alms.

APPLICATION.

The wants of nature are few: it is the office of reason to regulate both the taste and the appetite; and those who are governed by her laws, will be enabled to leave their wealth, their health, and their example, rich endowments to their heirs.

All beyond enough is too much, all beyond nourishment is luxury, all beyond decency is extravagance. . Intemperance has a smiling and alluring aspect, but a dreadful retinue; consisting of the whole assemblage of diseases; for Death has been their cook, and has infused slow poison into every sauce.

Luxury is to property, what a plague is to

health; it is equally contagious, and equally destructive; it is the disease of which not only individuals, but the noblest monarchies and most flourishing states, have died; in consequence of which even the richest cities may be reduced to misery, and the posterity of its citizens become as poor as their earliest ancestors were, without their continence, industry or virtue.

THE HOUSE SPARROW.

TOUCH not the little Sparrow, who doth build
His home so near us. He doth follow us
From spot to spot, amidst the turbulent town,
And ne'er deserts us. To all other birds
The woods suffice, the rivers, the sweet fields,
And Nature in her aspect mute and fair;
But *he* doth herd with man. Blithe servant! live,
Feed, and grow cheerful! On my window's ledge
I'll leave thee every morning some fit food,
In payment of thy service.—Doth he serve?—
Ay, serves, and teaches. His familiar voice,
His look of love, his sure fidelity,
Bids us be gentle with so small a friend;
And much we learn from acts of gentleness.
Doth he not teach?—Ay, and doth serve us too,
Who clears our homes from many a noisome thing,
Insect or reptile; and when we do mark
With what nice care he builds his nest, and guards
His offspring from all harm,—and how he goes,
A persevering, bold adventurer,
'Midst hostile tribes, twenty times big as he,

Skill, perseverance, courage, parent love,—
In all these acts we see, and may do well,
In our own lives, perhaps, when need doth ask,
To imitate the little household bird.

Untiring follower! what doth chain thee here?
What bond's 'tween thee and man? Thy food the same
As theirs who wing the woods,—thy voice as wild,
Thy wants, thy power the same,—we nothing do
To serve thee, and few love thee; yet thou hang'st
About our dwellings, like some humble friend,
Whom custom and kind thoughts do link to us,
And no neglect can banish.

So, long live

The household Sparrow! may he thrive for ever!
For ever twitter forth his morning song,
A brief, but sweet domestic melody!
Long may he live! and he who aims to kill
Our small companion, let him think how he
Would feel if great men spurned him from their hearths,
Or tyrant doomed him, who had done no wrong,
To pains or sudden death. Then let him think,
And he will spare the little trustful bird;
And his one act of clemency will teach
His heart a lesson that shall widen it,
For nothing makes so bright the soul, as when
Pity doth temper wisdom.

THE ROSE OF PERSIA.

SIR R. K. PORTER has well described the rose of Persia. "On first entering the bower of fairy land, I was struck by the appearance of two rose-trees, full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands

of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume; indeed, I believe that in no country of the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia—in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants, their rooms are ornamented with vases filled with its gathered branches, and every bath strewn with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems. Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a kaloun, or pipe, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree; but in this delicious garden of Negauvistan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says, ‘When the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene!’” It was right to consecrate a flower so lovely as the rose to the service of religion. Solomon, accordingly, chose it to represent the Redeemer, when he said, “I am the rose of Sharon,” and Isaiah gives us some

faint conception of the change to be produced on the moral world when he says, that "the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall blossom as the rose."

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield—
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page : in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise :
The rose has but a summer reign,
The DAISY never dies.

A STORM IN THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

THE clouds, rising slowly above the Killina hills, soon spread far south; Bray-Head was enveloped from its summit to its base; and the long sweeping folds of leaden-coloured vapour passed from hill to hill southward, like giant spectres gliding over their summits, and leaving the folds of their mysterious mantles lingering and darkening on the track of their progress. Sometimes they were suddenly withdrawn; and the startling gleam of sudden sun-light that broke on the green summits made even a frightful contrast to the darkness that was blackening and deepening in the background; the sugar-loaf hills, alternately covered and concealed for some time, were at last completely hid, and the ascending clouds hovered in a thick mass over the woods of the Dargle. The wind sunk; the trees were motionless; the birds flew low; and a few thick drops pattered among the upper leaves with a melancholy sound.

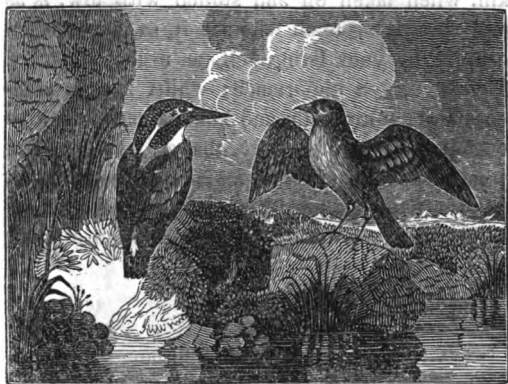
The moss-house of the Dargle afforded them shelter, till their carriages could be summoned; but at the first peel of thunder, the Miss Longwoods declared they would rather die, nay, they *would* die on the spot, sooner than encounter the short walk to the gate while there was thunder, or even a shadow of thunder in the air. So they all

paused to learn their fate from the elements. The gentlemen looked grave and anxious; the ladies crowded together, pale, with up-glancing eyes, and murmurs of terror; among which the fate of pelisses, bonnets, and kid-leather shoes, had honourable mention and audible share.

Soon all these pretty murmurers were hushed. The thunder that rolled among the distant hills burst in peals over their shrinking heads, prolonged, redoubled, aggravated by the echoes of the mountains; the clouds that had flung their fairy picturesque shrouds over the surrounding hills, now formed a dense, livid-coloured mass just above them, pausing in undischarged fury, more terrible from the suspension; and the rain came dashing in, in fierce oblique torrents, through the opening pillars of the hut, driving the shrinking females together, whose screams became more and more audible, as the strong red lightning flashed in broad sheets above and around them, giving a terrible tinge to the woods, which, a few moments before, slept in their dark brown solitary depths, which it appeared no light could penetrate.

THE KINGFISHER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.



ONCE on a time a meeting took place between a Nightingale and a Kingfisher: the Nightingale was somewhat humbled at sight of the green and gilded plumage of this dazzling bird, so much superior to that of his own homely colour; when the vain Kingfisher, with all the hauteur of one conscious of possessing the charms of outward beauty, treated the Nightingale with such airs of

pride, as forced from that gentle bird this reflection: "I grant, my friend, that the splendour of your plumage is far above my humble appearance, and I must, of course, grant you the claim to the admiration of all beholders; but let it be, at the same time, remembered, that your powers of captivating attract the eye alone, and that your mere skin, when taken off and stuffed with tow, is as amply gratifying to all who see it, as it was when occupied by your living self, as in that consisted all your vaunted importance; whilst I, as a compensation for my plain and humble garb, can give notes of such sweet melody, that all who hear feel an earnest desire to retain me as their companion, and ever listen to my song with new delight, and would regret my death as a diminution of their pleasure."

APPLICATION.

It is virtue alone which can add new softness to female captivations, and even beautifies beauty. Colours artfully spread upon canvass, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes all care to add to her outward attractions, may be allowed to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a friend. It is not the form of features alone that will delight for any length of time, but the lustre of the mind which shines, animates, and gives them their power of vanquishing. With-

out this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever may be told her to the contrary, that the most regular features are uninformed and dead.

How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue! it then commands our esteem and love, whilst it attracts our admiration; but the charms of the coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, truth, and good humour, are spiritless and cold.



LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A Tale, founded on fact.

"AND is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place to which you are taking me, nurse?" asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take a last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

"Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely, "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her, and she

whispered to her nurse—"Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

"And was not good king Henry the Sixth murdered here also, by that same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place; many of which had been related to her by Bridget Oldworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on a charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room, with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

"Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting every thing else in her joy at seeing him

again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and, overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother), he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

"Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own Hall again."

"Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason (which means an offence against the king,) and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple-Bar, or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

"Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Pres-

ton, "for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side the grave."

"No, no, dear papa!" cried she, "they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all, how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you."

"My dearest love! this is all simple talking," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master King James restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh, yes, papa! and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said, I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age," replied Lady Lucy, with great animation.

"Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange, king and queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King

James thought me like her," said Lady Lucy, earnestly.

"Hush! hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston, with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly entreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring the cause of King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the queen and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Simple child!" exclaimed her father, "what

should you be able to say to the queen, that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say, and he has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition."

Her father clasped her to his bosom; but said, "Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to the queen, papa? for even if she should be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the Tower and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One, who is greater than any king or queen upon earth."

"You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear," said her father. "It is He who hath, perhaps, put it into your heart to plead with the queen for my life; which, if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done. He hath promised to be a father to

the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child, when I am low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence, my lord?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and child.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell.

Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that he would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as being the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under sentence of death.

The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance-hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed, and, having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter.

Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-daughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace, on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not solicit the queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life, that she could not refuse me, I am sure."

"Poor child, what could you say to the queen?" asked the countess, compassionately.

"Only let me see her, and you shall hear," rejoined Lady Lucy.

"Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity," said Lady Clarendon; "but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou see'st the queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable."

"God will direct the words of my lips," said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little god-daughter; and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace-gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning.

Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

"I know that gentleman well," said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James the Second.

"That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father," observed the countess, sighing; "and a very striking likeness it is, of that unfortunate monarch,—but, hark! here

comes the queen, with her chamberlain and ladies, from chapel; now, Lucy, is the time! I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are; and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies, is the queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and, while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest: she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that

amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and, grasping the queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father, my dear—dear father, royal lady!" Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things; but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words, "Mercy, mercy for my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and, throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared, were more than commonly affecting.—It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, over-mastering the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign, for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of the young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her

majesty; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam," replied Lucy: "and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the queen, gravely; "I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking, wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture.

"I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!"

This wise but artless reproof, from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honoured

countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her; and when the remembrance, that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her mind, the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter, when compared with the filial piety of the child before her (whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan), smote upon her heart, and she burst into tears.

“Rise, dear child,” said she, “thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—thy filial love has saved him.”



A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

My dear mother died when I was four years old. I remember that she held out her hand to me just before she kissed me for the last time; and it was so very thin and white; her eyes too looked larger than they ever seemed, and of a deeper blue: she turned round to my father that night, and said, "Let Charles sit up a little longer this evening, my love." My father only looked at her; I wondered he did not answer; but I believe it was because he could not speak just then, for I saw him crying behind the bed curtains soon after. When I woke the next morning, they told me mama was dead. I did not pay much attention to what they said, for I did not know what it meant to be dead; I did not think the morning seemed at all gloomy; for the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and when I went out into our field, the larks were singing as cheerfully as ever; nothing seemed dull. I was sitting under a large hawthorn tree, at the end of our field, and watching a goldfinch which was dancing among the slender branches; while, every now and then, a little shower of white blossoms came flying down to the ground. I was always very fond of peeping up, from under a tree, and observing how many little shady arbours were formed among the

boughs; and how transparently green and bright the leaves appeared, when seen from quite beneath. The merry goldfinch had just flown away, when Elizabeth came out; and I began to think about my mother again: "What does 'dead' mean, Elizabeth?" I asked; "for Jenny says mama is dead." My sister only began to weep; but at last she said, "Dead, means," she looked round and hesitated; but she saw the hawthorn blossoms on the grass, and said, "these flowers are dead, Charles; those on the tree, which have that beautiful pink colour, blushing over them, are the most fresh; those, which look dark in the centre, are dying: after a few days, these, which are now white on the ground, will have wasted away, and will not be seen any more: some of the blossoms are shaken by very rough winds; and your mama died as they do."—Here Elizabeth wept again: "But all these," she added, after hanging on the tree some time, must fall off and die; as persons who are as old as grandpapa *must* die." Elizabeth told me a great deal more, and explained why mama was different from the hawthorn blossoms; because she had a soul, which always lives; and she told me, that if I obeyed God, I might see my mother again (after I was dead) in heaven. I was very happy to hear that; because I had begun to fear that she would never be seen again, like the dead flowers. I supposed

then that my eldest sister, Magdalen, was dead; for I had never seen her since she had left her home, to stay with her aunt in Devonshire; and no one had talked about her for many months. I just remember that she was very good natured, and much prettier than Elizabeth; she had bright gold coloured hair, which hung down nearly to her little waist, in such large shining curls. She was a very merry girl, and always made my father and mother laugh when she was with them.

I wished I could see my mother, but I hardly knew whether she had not wasted away into nothing, as I saw the fallen hawthorn blossoms had. A few days after, I was so surprised to see a large long box carried down stairs one morning, covered with black cloth. I went up to the men, and asked what they were carrying, which seemed so heavy? One of them, a silly-looking lad, answered, "Your mother's coffin, little master." I ran down stairs to tell my father, and asked what that silly-looking lad meant; but he was not in his study. I went to the window, and looking out, I saw the men carrying something: I guessed it must be the same box, only it was hidden by a long black sheet, edged with white; my father and Elizabeth were walking after them very slowly. I ran out without my hat, and asked my father to take me with them. I did not overtake him till he reached the churchyard. An old woman came,

and said, "You had better come home with me again, Master Charles;" but I hid myself within the long cloak which my father wore; and, taking hold of his hand, said, "No, no, mayn't I stay with you, father?" He had not noticed me before, but now he pressed my hand more closely within his, and said to the poor woman, very mildly: "I will keep him with me." We entered the church, and I trembled all over; every one looked so grave, and a loud mournful bell tolled just over my head, which I had not heard before.

My father was very attentive to the service; but I saw that he always looked at the coffin, and moved his head quickly whenever it was moved. I could not think what the great pit was made for in the churchyard. I had guessed, from what I heard the clergyman say, that my mother's body was in the coffin: but I did not guess they were going to bury the coffin in the ground, because the hawthorn blossoms were not buried, and the grass in the churchyard was just as green as that in the field. My father stood at one end of the grave, with his head uncovered; he never once moved his eyes, but his face was very pale, and his lips shook. I was frightened, and only just peeped my head out of his long cloak. Elizabeth stood very near him, but a thick veil hung down over her face, and through it I saw she held her handkerchief before her eyes. When the coffin

sounded at the bottom of the grave, my father started and shivered, just as if he had been cold; it was odd, I thought then, for the weather was mild and warm; I did not know that he shivered from grief; soon after this my father walked away; I wondered why he should go, and leave my mother's body in the deep dark hole; I had half a mind to stay, but my poor father looked so mournful that I slowly accompanied him home.—I had cried a little once or twice, but I had never missed my mother so much till when I passed her room door, as I went up stairs to bed; I ran up faster than Jenny, and I could not help going in; it was almost dark, the cold air came in through the open windows; the carpets were all taken up, and the room looked very desolate. My mother's favourite little work table was pushed up in a corner, and on it lay a turnscREW and some screws: in the middle of the room were two odd-looking stands, like those which they put the coffin on in the church, and some sawdust was thinly strewn on the floor. I was standing in this room, almost ready to cry, and thinking of my dear, dear mother, and that I should perhaps grow up to be a man, and never see her again till I died. I had never felt so very, very miserable as I then did; I have never felt so miserable since. It grew darker and darker; still I was standing in the middle of the room. I began by degrees to be afraid of

moving; and I put both my hands before my eyes, that I might not see any thing, for every thing looked so melancholy. All at once I heard something pass rustling by my head; and then I heard it flutter against the window. I did not consider one moment; but I burst out into a loud fit of crying. Jenny heard me; she had been looking about, for she could not think where I had gone. When she came in I ran to her, and began to make more noise: I would not tell her why I cried out, nor would I go away with her; but I seemed as if her presence only gave me the liberty of crying more violently. I would not be pacified, when Elizabeth came into the room. She spoke to me: I turned round, taking away Jenny's apron, behind which I had hidden my face. I minded all Elizabeth told me directly, for she spoke just like my mother. "Act like a manly boy, my dear Charles," she said; "and tell me calmly why you are so frightened." "Oh! there it is, there it is," I cried loudly, for, during the time my sister had spoken so quietly, I heard the loud fluttering again. Elizabeth guessed instantly what had frightened me; she went up to the window, and, coming again to me, took my hand, to lead me to the window. "Oh! no, no," I cried out, but at last I let her draw me forward. I kept my eyes covered at first by my hands, but at last I opened them, finger by finger, and saw a large

moth, beating its wings against the window, and seeming quite as terrified as I had been. Elizabeth sat by my bedside that night (she always heard me say my prayers after my mother died), and talked to me till I fell asleep. When I woke the next morning, I went up to the window; the first thing I saw was the church; I remembered that my mother's body had been lying out all night, and ran as fast as I could to the churchyard. The dark pit was not to be seen, nor could I find where it had been for some time. On the spot was a sort of mound raised up, like many others in the churchyard, covered with fresh turf, and bound together with osiers. One little cowslip was growing up among the grass; the soft pale green stem of this flower was no longer than a long blade of grass; but I was quite glad to see it, and every morning I went to look if the buds were blown, and when the weather was very dry I always watered it. After it left off blowing I never forgot it; but loved its little crumbled half-hidden leaves better than all the brightest summer flowers: now there are more than thirty cowslips on my mother's grave. A cowslip was her favourite flower.

SWIMMERS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE dexterity of these people in the water is surprising. Men, women and children, can all swim and dive; indeed, infants are so early taught these necessary accomplishments of a half-amphibious life, that they sometimes excel in them before they can walk. On a certain occasion, as the missionaries at Huahine, with their children, were crossing the upper part of the bay at Fare, their canoe was suddenly upset, when they and several helpless infants were plunged at once into deep water. The queen, a woman of vast bulk, being near at hand, and perceiving their danger, immediately threw herself into the lagoon, swam to their assistance, and with her own hands saved the life of one of the party from destruction. A female servant followed the children, caught them in her arms, and swam to shore with her rescued treasures, which she delivered safely into the hands of their overjoyed parents, themselves just snatched from death by their wonted intrepidity, habitual presence of mind, and fearlessness of peril, in situations where the fear itself probably constitutes the chief part of the danger.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

I dreamed that in a garden fair,
I wandered free with spirits light,
And my dear parents met me there,
And kissed and clasped me with delight :

A thousand tender things we spoke,
Nor seemed of parting e'er to deem,
And when I suddenly awoke,
I wept to find it but a dream !

And was it but a dream, sweet child,
From which thy waking thoughts should turn ?
No !—from the scenes that round thee smiled,
A heavenly lesson thou may'st learn.

Thy parents lived in Christian trust,
They sought a purer world than this ;
And now they do not sleep in dust,
But wake in realms of cloudless bliss.

And should'st thou in their footsteps tread,
And pray like them for pardoning grace,
By Heaven's kind aid thou may'st be led
To reach their happy dwelling-place.

Then, as thy cheering dream foretold,
Thy parents shall with rapturous love
Welcome their lost-one to its fold,
Their wanderer to a rest above.

THE COOT.

OH Coot ! oh bold, adventurous Coot,
I pray thee tell to me,
The perils of that stormy time
That bore thee to the sea !

I saw thee on the river fair,
Within thy sedgy screen ;
Around thee grew the bulrush tall,
And reeds so strong and green.

The kingfisher came back again
To view thy fairy place ;
The stately swan sailed statelier by,
As if thy home to grace.

But soon the mountain-flood came down,
And bowed the bulrush strong ;
And far above those tall, green reeds,
The waters poured along.

" And where is she, the Water-Coot,"
I cried, " that creature good ?"
But then I saw thee in thine ark,
Regardless of the flood.

Amid the foaming waves thou sat'st,
And steer'dst thy little boat ;
Thy nest of rush and water-reed
So bravely set afloat.

And on it went, and safely on
That wild and stormy tide ;
And there thou sat'st, a mother-bird,
Thy young ones at thy side.

Oh Coot! oh bold, adventurous Coot,
I pray thee tell to me,
The perils of that stormy voyage
That bore thee to the sea!

Hadst thou no fear, as night came down
Upon thy watery way,
Of enemies, and dangers dire
That round about thee lay?

Didst thou not see the falcon grim
Swoop down as thou passed by?
And 'mong the waving water flags
The lurking otter lie?

The eagle's scream came wildly near,
Yet, caused it no alarm?
Nor man, who seeing thee, weak thing,
Did strive to do thee harm?

And down the foaming waterfall,
As thou wast borne along,
Hadst thou no dread? Oh daring bird,
Thou hadst a spirit strong!

Yes, thou hadst fear. But He who sees
The sparrows when they fall;
He saw thee, bird, and gave thee strength
To brave thy perils all.

He kept thy little ark afloat;
He watched o'er thine and thee;
And safely through the foaming flood
Hath brought thee to the sea?"

JUVENILE TEACHERS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE eagerness for instruction is so great, that all the little boys in the school are, daily, during their play-hours, in requisition as masters. Three chiefs, men of magnificent stature and lofty bearing, came early this morning to obtain a *kumu*, or teacher. They could engage none but a child, six years of age, lispings over its spelling-book. Finding, however, that he could tell his letters, and repeat his *ba, be, bi, bo, bu*, one of them caught him up by the arm, mounted the little fellow upon his own broad shoulder, and carried him off in triumph, exclaiming, "This shall be my *kumu*!" The lads, themselves, take great delight in reciting their simple lessons to the older folks, and helping their fathers and mothers to say their A, B, C. It is beautiful to behold one of these little ones standing up amidst a ring of grown people, with the eyes of all *waiting* upon him, earnestly harkening to his words, and repeating them from his lips, that they may impress both the sounds and the import on their memory. Nor is the implicit confidence, with which they receive his instructions, delivered with the ingenuous gracefulness of boyhood in its prime, the least interesting circumstance connected with this "new thing in the earth." Did our Saviour set a child in the midst of his dis-

ciples, to teach *them* how they must receive the kingdom of heaven, and shall He not, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, here, both ordain strength and perfect praise?

THE DISCONTENTED RIVULET.

I WAS walking one hot summer's day through a very delightful wood. The shade and coolness seemed much more refreshing, as in my walk thither I had been exposed to the rays of an unclouded sun. Whilst walking along, I suddenly came upon a pretty little rivulet; the tall oak and elm trees by which it was surrounded, had so completely overshadowed it, that had I not heard the sweet music it made running over the loose pebbles, I might have passed by without observing it.

I was fatigued; so seating myself upon a grassy bank at the foot of an aged oak, I took out my drawing book and pencil for the purpose of sketching a beautiful fern which grew on the opposite side of the brook. I had not sat long before the brook seemed to murmur these words: O! shall I ever leave this dark and dismal shade? Shall I ever escape from the sight of these trees that I have seen ever since I was born? As to the sun I never see it, and but now and then get a sight of

the clear blue sky. No merry birds visit my gloomy borders and sing their gladsome songs, but the mournful thrush comes at sunset, and he is as melancholy as myself! Oh! that I were flowing through some open field, with a clear blue sky smiling in my face. Just then methought the fern, which was bowing gracefully over the brook changed into a beautiful fairy, and these words she spoke in a clear silvery tone: If, complaining brook, you wish to leave this cool refreshing shade, these trees which have protected you, these flowers which fringe your banks, speak, and your wish shall be accomplished. Quickly, said the impatient brook, quickly let me go.

In a moment the beautiful stream was changed; there were no tall trees waving over it—no sweetbriar and roses upon its banks; the musical pebbles and the large mossy stones round which its beautiful waters played, were all gone. It was broad sunshine, and the little brook hurried on, reflecting only the bright blue sky, and it sparkled awhile with light and gladness, but it soon seemed to grow smaller, till at last it totally disappeared. Then I saw again the place where the little rivulet was running along so beautifully when I first discovered it. The flowers were fading and drooping over its empty channel, and even the stones looked sad. Alas! said I, the sweet stream is lost forever. Not forever, whispered the fairy; it

will return the wiser for its sufferings. The hot sun has turned it into vapour. Look at yonder cloud and you will see what has become of it. It will soon descend in a gentle shower upon its own green flowery home, and never wish to stray again, but flow on rejoicing in its own sweet music. As the silvery tones of her voice died away, I awoke, and found it was a dream.

THE RETURN OF THE SUN IN SPRING.

WINTER has at last retired. The tempestuous winds no longer howl and whistle through the air, obscured by the driving snow. We no longer hear the hail driven with violence against our windows. The sad Hyades no longer pour from their never-emptying urn into the orchards of Pomona. Every thing is renewed. The fountains, long time held captive, have resumed their wonted course. Already have the flowers peeped from the bosom of the earth. The young buds rise upon their tender stalks. The trees, despoiled of their yellow leaves, appear in a new verdure. The bees fly amongst the perfumed buds, and their humming resounds through the fields.—The flocks frisk amongst the fresh-springing grass. It is the sight of thee, Oh SUN! which diffuses every where this joy and gladness. Disappear

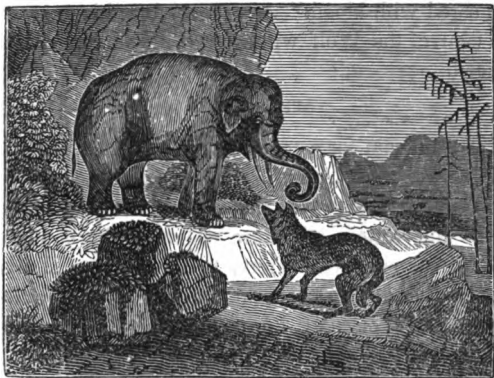
then before this lamp of the Heavens, storms, hail, rain—all of you disappear, and hide no longer from our sight these glad and pleasing scenes.

Permit us to contemplate these majestic mountains, which rise to the clouds, and have sustained since the origin of the world the immense vault of the Heavens. Thy beams, most brilliant orb, chase away every thing unpleasant. Thou risest suddenly from the waves like a ball of fire; and in the same instant the vast extent of sea seems covered with rolling flames.

Thy beams pierce the air and disperse in their luminous course the dark veil which covers the earth. Every thing is animated—all are happy. Upon the summit of the highest mountain, in the depth of the most profound forest—every where is the genial influence of thy rays felt, and it gives the same life and light from one century to another.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE WOLF.



AN artful rogue of a Wolf came to a stately Elephant and humbly begged to be received as one of his dependants, imagining it might be of some advantage to him to be in the retinue of such a noble protector; but the sagacious Elephant, who well knew the vile nature of the animal, plainly told him that he had been credibly informed of his blood-thirsty character. This made the Wolf prick up his ears, and he most earnestly prayed that his excellency the Elephant would

inform him what secret enemy had thus traduced his character. "Why, then, to be short with you," said the Elephant, "I must say that I gained the information from your own mouth; for, at this present moment, I see it is all besmeared with blood." After receiving this answer, of course, the Wolf withdrew with all convenient speed.

APPLICATION.

It is in vain for a rogue in grain to pass himself off as an honest man. It may be discovered in his countenance, even before we are acquainted with his actions. Nature seems to have put a stamp on such characters, to forewarn us of our danger, like the noise in the tail of the rattlesnake; so you may know a sot by the scent of his breath.

THE ROSE-BUD.

A boy stood before a rose-tree full of roses and of unblown buds. With eager joy he first looked at one flower, then at another, sometimes at a rose-leaf and sometimes at a bud. His father watched him at a distance. He stood in the shady arbour, and his eye hung with love, and not without emotion, on the darling of his heart. Is it not, said he to himself, as though a divine prophetic voice

spoke to me from the rose-bush, which in its buds and blossoms holds forth to me an emblem of future paternal joys? Or what is it that renders the child so dear and so interesting to me, as he stands at yonder rose-bush?

Thus spoke the father. But the boy was not weary of looking and admiring. The admiration of beauty excites a relish for truth. He wished to discover how the bud expands into a rose. He crossed his little arms, while his eyes were riveted to the bud. His father smiled. So may superior beings smile when they see a philosopher of the earth with his instruments exploring a star, or the internal structure of a glow-worm.

The boy soon found that all his inquiries were fruitless. He then plucked a bud, opened it, and considered the interior of it with great attention. While he was thus engaged his father went up to him.—What art thou meditating upon so seriously, my son? asked he. O father! answered the child, I should like to know in what way the bud turns to a rose, and therefore I have plucked and opened one: I see nothing, however, but very small leaves full of folds and wrinkles. I hope I have done it no harm.

No harm is done, my dear, replied the father; Nature hath supplied a superabundance. She was mindful not only of our wants, but also of our pleasures, and our desire of knowledge. Thou

hast at least learned that it is not so easy to penetrate her mysteries.

But I am not a jot the wiser for that, said the boy.

Though thou art not, replied the father, still thou wast sincerely desirous of informing thyself. A good intention is of itself to be commended; success doth not always depend upon our exertions; and even if they gain it, still the chief merit lies in the motives which actuated them.

Tell me then, my dear father, said the boy, after a pause, with modest curiosity, how the bud transforms itself into a flower.

I can only tell thee what actually takes place, replied the father:—the bud increases gradually in size, beauty, and loveliness, till its complete expansion. As to any thing farther, I know no more than thyself.

Nature gives us the beautiful in perfection; but she conceals the hand with which it is produced and presented.

The boy again took up the bud which he had plucked, and said to his father: If the bud can give itself a form so beautiful, surpassing all the works of human hands, why can it not protect itself against the feeble finger of a child? How happens it that it can do so much and is at the same time so impotent?

Dost thou then imagine, William, that it made

itself? asked the father, looking steadfastly at the child.

Why, to be sure, answered the boy, the flowers must have, like me, a mother and a father, to support, take care of, and bring them up.

One Father with us! replied the father of the boy, with emotion, but we see him not; we only feel his power and his love within and about us.

Thus spake he, and the boy felt an extraordinary sensation, for his father had placed a jewel in his heart.

And thenceforward he considered the rose-bush and the flowers of the field as kindred beings, and increased in wisdom and in years. But his father treasured the words of the child in his heart, and related what had passed to the tender mother of the boy.

How near, exclaimed the mother, is the most sublime of truths to innocent simplicity!

THE FAVOURITE FLOWERS.

GEORGE, Henry, and Matilda, the blooming children of a country gentleman, walked forth on a fine spring day into the fields. The nightingales and larks sang, and the flowers expanded their petals in the dew and in the mild rays of the morning sun.

The children looked around them with delight, and tripped from hill to hill, and made wreaths of flowers. They celebrated also in hymns the charms of spring, and the love of the Almighty Father, who hath clothed the earth with herbage and flowers; and they sang the flowers also, from the rose that groweth on the bush to the violet that blossoms in secret, and the heath which is sucked by the industrious bee.

Thus did the spring-time of life and of the year appear in lovely association.

Then said the children one to another: Let each of us choose a flower to be a favourite in preference to all others. We will meet again in yon bower, cried they, and rejoicing in their purpose, they ran forth different ways into the field to seek the flowers.

It was not long before all three of them were seen hastening towards the arbour, bringing in their hands large bunches of their favourite flowers. When they saw one another, they held up the flowers and shouted for joy. They then entered the arbour, and agreed together, and said: Now let each declare the reason of his or her respective choice.

George, the eldest, had chosen the violet. See, said he, it blossoms and diffuses its fragrance in modest retirement, amidst moss and bushes, and its operations are as secret as the soft approach

and the bounty of spring. But it is honoured and loved by men and celebrated by ingenious poets, who call it the first-born of spring and the flower of modesty. For this reason I have chosen it to be my flower.

Thus spoke George, and he offered some of his flowers to Henry and Matilda. They accepted them with pleasure, for the violet was now their brother's flower.

Henry then stepped forward with his bunch of flowers. It was composed of the delicate lily of the valley, which grows in the cool shade of the grove, and lifts up its little bells strung together like pearls, and white as the solar ray. Look, said he, this is the flower that I have chosen; for it is the emblem of innocence and purity of heart, and it proclaims also to me the love of him who bespangles the heavens with stars and the earth with flowers.—Was not the lily of the field selected in preference to all other flowers as an evidence of the paternal love of Him in whom all things live and move? On this account I have chosen the little lily for my favourite flower.

Thus spoke Henry, giving some of his flowers to his brother and sister, who received them with joy and respect.

Last came Matilda, the lovely maiden, with the bunch of flowers which she had collected. It was the delicate blue forget-me-not. See, my dear

brothers, said the sweet girl, these flowers I found at the brook. Reflected in the limpid stream, on whose margin they grew, they twinkle like bright stars in the firmament of heaven.—It is the flower of love and affection; therefore have I chosen it for my favourite, and give some to you both. She then presented the flowers to her brothers with a kiss; and her brothers returned the salute and thanked her. And the guardian-angels of the children smiled at the loving compact of innocence.

The favourite flowers were thus selected. Then said Matilda: Let us weave them into two wreaths for our beloved parents.

So they formed two wreaths of the beauteous flowers and carried them to their parents, and related to them all they had done, and the choice of their flowers.

And the parents rejoiced over their darling children, and said: A truly charming wreath!—love, innocence, and modesty, entwined together! See how one sets off and embellishes the other; and thus they form together the most beautiful of garlands!

But one thing is still wanting, replied the children, with grateful emotion crowning their father and mother with the wreaths.

Then the hearts of the parents were moved with joy, and they tenderly embraced the children, and said: Such a wreath is more precious than a monarch's crown!

THE EAGLE.

No, not in the meadow, and not on the shore :
And not on the wide heath with furze covered o'er,
Where the cry of the Plover, the hum of the bee,
Give a feeling of joyful security :
And not in the woods, where the Nightingale's song,
From the chestnut and orange pours all the day long ;
And not where the Martin has built in the eaves,
And the Red-breast e'er covered the children with leaves,
Shall ye find the proud Eagle ! O no, come away ;
I will show you his dwelling, and point out his prey !
Away ! let us go where the mountains are high,
With tall splintered peak towering into the sky ;
Where old ruined castles are dreary and lone,
And seem as if built for a world that is gone ;
There, up on the topmost tower, black as the night,
Sits the old monarch Eagle in full blaze of light :
He is king of these mountains : save him and his mate,
No Eagle dwells here ; he is lonely and great !
Look, look how he sits ! with his keen glancing eye,
And his proud head thrown back, looking into the sky ;
And hark to the rush of his out-spreading wings,
Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs ;
And now how the echoing mountains are stirred,
For that was the cry of the Eagle you heard !
Now, see how he soars ! like a speck in the height
Of the blue vaulted sky, and now lost in the light !
And now downward he wheels as a shaft from a bow
By a strong archer sent, to the valleys below !
And that is the bleat of a lamb of the flock ;—
One moment, and he re-ascends to the rock.—
Yes, see how the conqueror is winging his way,
And his terrible talons are holding their prey !

Great bird of the wilderness ! lonely and proud,
With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bowed,
With an eye of defiance, august and severe,
Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer,
What is it that giveth thee beauty and worth ?
Thou wast made for the desolate places of earth ;
To mate with the tempest ; to match with the sea ;
And God showed his power in the Lion and thee !



THE CANARY-BIRD.

A LITTLE girl, named Caroline, had a sweet little canary-bird. It sang from morning until night, and was a beautiful creature, yellow as gold, with a black head. Caroline gave him seeds to eat and cooling groundsel, and now and then a lump of sugar, and she supplied him with fresh water every day.

But all at once the bird began to be dull, and one morning when Caroline came to change his water, the poor bird lay dead at the bottom of the cage.

The child immediately burst forth into loud lamentations over her little favourite, and wept exceedingly: but her mother went and bought another bird, which sang as delightfully as the first, but surpassed it in beauty of colour, and put it into the cage.

The girl, however, wept still more bitterly when she saw the new bird. Her mother was much surprised at this, and said: "My dear child, why dost thou still grieve and weep thus? Thy tears cannot recall the dead bird to life, and here thou hast another, in no respect worse than that which thou hast lost.

Ah, dear mother, answered the girl, I used the

poor bird ill, and was not so kind to him as I ought to have been.

My dear Caroline, replied her mother, hast thou not always waited on him assiduously?

Ah no! interrupted the child; but just before he died I did not carry him a lump of sugar that thou gavest me for him, but ate it myself. Thus spake the girl, and she gave full vent to her tears.

But her mother did not smile at the grief of the child; for she recognised and respected the sacred voice of nature in the heart of her daughter.

Ah! said she, what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child at the grave of his parents!

THE KINGFISHER.

FOR the handsome Kingfisher, go not to the tree,
No bird of the field or the forest is he;
In the dry riven rock he did never abide,
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide.

He lives where the fresh, sparkling waters are flowing,
Where the tall, heavy Typha and Loosestrife are growing;
By the bright little streams that all joyfully run
Awhile in the shadow, and then in the sun.

He lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green, mossy Hazel roots firmly entwined;
Where the dark Alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the Sword-flag and Arrow-head grow at his door.

There busily, busily, all the day long,
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among ;
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish-bone,
Deëp, deep in the bank far retired, and alone.

Then the brown Water-Rat from his burrow looks out,
To see what his neighbour Kingfisher's about ;
And the green Dragon-fly, flitting slowly away,
Just pauses one moment to bid him good-day.

O happy Kingfisher ! what care should he know,
By the clear, pleasant streams, as he skims to and fro,
Now lost in the shadow, now bright in the sheen
Of the hot summer sun, glancing scarlet and green !



WATCH FOUND IN A SHARK.

SOME fishermen, fishing in the river Thames, near Poplar, December 1st, 1787, with much difficulty drew into their boat a shark, yet alive, but apparently very sickly; it was taken on shore, and, being opened, in its belly were found a silver watch, a metal chain, and a cornelian seal, together with several pieces of gold lace, supposed to have belonged to some young gentleman, who was unfortunate enough to have fallen overboard; but that the body and other parts had either been digested, or otherwise voided; but the watch and gold lace not being able to pass through it, the fish had thereby become sickly, and would in all probability very soon have died. The watch had the name of "Henry Watson, London, No. 1369," and the works were very much impaired. On these circumstances being made public, Mr. Henry Watson, watchmaker, in Shoreditch, recollected, that about two years ago he sold the watch to Mr. Ephraim Thompson, of Whitechapel, as a present to his son, on going out on his first voyage, on board the ship Polly, Captain Vane, bound to Coast and Bay, about three leagues off Falmouth: by a sudden heel of the vessel, during a squall, Master Thompson fell overboard, and was no more

seen. The news of his being drowned soon after came to the knowledge of his friends, who little thought of hearing any thing more concerning him. Mr. Thompson was said to have purchased the shark, to preserve it as a memorial of so singular an event. It is the largest ever remembered to have been taken up in the Thames; being, from the tip of the snout to the extremity of the tail, nine feet three inches; from the shoulder to the extremity of the body, six feet one inch; round the body, in the thickest part, six feet nine inches. The width of the jaws, when extended, seventeen inches. It had five rows of teeth, consequently five years old, having an additional row every year, till it arrives at full growth.

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.

A LADY had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room? After

turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without doing it the smallest injury.

DOGS AND A LION.

JOHN STOW, in his Annals, has an account of a battle between three mastiffs and a lion, in the presence of James the First and his son, Prince Henry. "One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted by the conflict, refused to renew the engagement; but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds; the third survived, and was taken great care of by the prince, who said, "he that had fought with the king of beasts, should never after fight with an inferior creature."

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.



Scio is a most lovely island (the Chios of the ancients) in the Grecian Archipelago. Its climate is delightful, its soil fertile, producing the most delicious fruits and fragrant flowers. Its capital, named also Scio, is handsome and well-built, and its vicinity ornamented with the villas and gardens of many wealthy merchants, who once resided here in great splendour and luxury. Alas! how has the scene been changed. They who once enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchase, or this delightful climate furnish—who

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were happy in the bosom of their families, and surrounded with every thing that could render life desirable—have either been cruelly slaughtered, or become wretched slaves or miserable outcasts, wandering without a home or without the means of subsistence. A heart of sensibility must bleed at a recital of the horrors witnessed by this once happy island; horrors, from which it will take many years to recover, and which will remain on record as another lamentable proof of the depravity of man, and of the savage nature of civil war.

So fearful were the inhabitants of Scio of losing the gratifications they enjoyed, and so effeminate had luxury rendered these wealthy islanders, that liberty had no charms for them, and the calls of their fellow-countrymen to join them in the glorious struggle for freedom, were disregarded. Indeed, so ably had they managed to avoid every appearance of disaffection to their masters the Turks, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them, till, on one unfortunate occasion, a tumultuary rabble joined the forces of a Greek leader, who landed with a small body of troops, besieged and took the citadel, and put the Turkish garrison and inhabitants to the sword.

Scarcely was this tragedy completed, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbour, and the Greek troops, unable to cope with so formidable an armament, fled and left the island to its fate. Although

the principal inhabitants had taken no part in the outrage, they were aware of their danger, and instantly repaired on board the ship of the Capitan Pacha, making the most solemn protestations of their innocence, and of their fidelity to the Porte. They were received with great civility, and their fears quieted by the admiral's expressing himself ready to forget all that had passed, and ordering coffee and other refreshments.

Lulled thus into a fatal security, the Pacha landed his troops, consisting of about six thousand men, without opposition. Immediately the work of death began—no distinction was made—the innocent were confounded with the guilty in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Turks, when weary with their sanguinary work, would coolly sheath their bloody sabres, sit beneath the shades of the stately trees, take their pipes and coffee, converse with the utmost indifference, or take a nap, and then rise refreshed and renew their horrid employment! No attention was paid to the most earnest protestations of innocence nor supplications for mercy. Neither the silver hairs of age, nor the blooming cheeks of beauty, wrought compassion in the hearts of the barbarous foe. Shrieks of agony and shouts of exultation were mingled in horrid dissonance. On every side were seen trembling fugitives pursued by the ferocious murderers, who stabbed children in the

arms of their mothers, cut down with their remorseless weapons the aged sire and the hapless youth, vainly endeavouring to ward off the blow each from the other—and exulting monsters triumphantly exhibiting the heads of their victims dripping with gore!

Nor when the shades of night, and the weariness of the assassins, gave a short respite to the wretched Sciots, was the scene less appalling. Bloody corpses were scattered over the velvet lawns; among the orange groves, and in the most magnificent apartments, as well as in the lowly cottages; and the plaintive lament of heart-broken relatives over the bodies of the slain, and the shuddering cry of despair uttered by those who knew that inevitable death awaited them at the return of day,—were as distressing and heart-sickening as the tumult and agonizing shrieks that accompanied the scene of blood and carnage. Daily was the butchering renewed, whilst any victims remained. Some had the good fortune to escape beyond the barrier of the rocky mountains, or into the boats and vessels that were off their coast. But their fate was little to be envied—without a home, without friends, almost without food, many perished from fatigue and famine, while the survivors, bereft of every thing they held most dear, suffered the miseries of present privation, and the agonies arising from the recollection of what they once

were. Twenty thousand are computed to have perished in this massacre.

When will the happy time arrive, that men, instead of glorying in the destruction of their fellow creatures, shall heartily join in promoting each other's felicity, when there shall be no national antipathies, no religious differences, but all shall unite in the worship of one God, and in kind offices to one another?



DANCING SERPENTS.

SEVERAL men came to our door, to exhibit dancing serpents. Some of these reptiles were six or seven feet long. Each was coiled up in a separate basket, out of which they were dragged, and thrown upon the ground; their keepers singing to them certain drawling airs, accompanied by strokes upon a small drum, which regulated the motions of the serpents. These raised themselves to the height of two feet, flattening their breasts, and turning their heads to bite their keepers, which they were allowed to do, occasionally, so as even to draw blood; but they are innoxious, their poisonous fangs having been extracted. We have been told of a gentleman, a fine performer on the violin, who living at Chinsurah, was obliged to lay aside his instrument, as the lively sounds so charmed the serpents in the neighbourhood, that his house could not be kept free from them.

LARGE CANNON.

IN a village near Cutwa, we saw what yet appears above ground of an immense brass cannon, seventeen and a half feet long, twenty-one inches in diameter at the muzzle, and enlarging proportionately towards the breech; the calibre is six

inches. On the upper surface are several large rings, and a Persian inscription, of which we have not preserved a copy. This prodigious piece of ordnance was mounted upon a carriage of wood and iron; but a large tree has been springing up, about and underneath it, till it is no longer possible to move the cannon without destroying the plant, whose roots have completely enveloped and upheaved the lower part, and whose growth, in due time, will undoubtedly imbed the whole mass. The Hindoos have deified this inert and impotent engine of destruction, having placed an idol at one extremity, which they worship. They have a tradition that when this cannon is fired, the world will come to an end, and, from present appearances, it is not likely to be fired before then.

THE ANT.

THERE was a great Tartar warrior, named Timour, who lived about the time of Henry the Fourth. This Timour was once obliged to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone and dispirited for many hours. While in this forlorn, and, as it seemed to him then, almost hopeless condition, he observed an ant endeavouring to drag a very heavy load up a high wall. Sixty-nine times he counted that the load fell from its mouth to the ground, and the

patient insect went back to fetch it; the seventieth time, the ant succeeded. Timour said to himself, this little creature was not discouraged by so many failures; shall I have less resolution than an ant! This roused him, and, as he afterwards said, gave him courage to bear up against his misfortunes; and during his whole life he never forgot this example of perseverance against difficulties. He conquered all who opposed him, and became a very powerful prince.

SYMPTOMS OF IMPOSTURE.

Among the marvellous stories related by Mahomet and his followers, one is, that he was conveyed on a mysterious animal from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from thence ascended the seven heavens, conversed with patriarchs and angels, and approached within two bow shots of the throne of the Almighty; then descended to Jerusalem, and returned to Mecca, all in the tenth part of a night. Another is, that the moon, at Mahomet's command, left the sky, performed seven revolutions round the temple of Mecca, saluted him in the Arabic language, entered at the collar of his shirt, and issued forth through his sleeve. A third is, that he saw angels in heaven, whose heads were so large that it would take a bird a thousand years to fly from one ear to the other !!!

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

POOR singer! hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter, done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm;
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feathered child,
And tell us all thy pain and wrong
When thou again canst speak in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even *thou* shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach,
Disdaineth all peculiar speech:

'T is common to the bird and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 't is than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night,—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung!

But hark ! is that a sound we hear
• Come chirping from its throat,—
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,
And like a little grateful note ?
Another ? ha—look where it lies,
It shivers—gasps—is still,—it dies !

'T is dead,—'t is dead ! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again !
All 's vain :—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told !

STUPENDOUS STATUES.

SEMIRAMIS caused the mountain Bagistan, between Babylon and Media, to be cut out into a statue of herself, which was seventeen stadia high—that is, above half a French league ; and around it were a hundred other statues, of proportionable size, though less large.

It was proposed to Alexander the Great, to make a statue of him out of mount Athos, which would have been a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and ten miles in height. The design was to make him hold in his left hand a city, large enough to contain ten thousand inhabitants ; and in the other an urn, out of which should flow a river into the sea !

STORY OF AN ANT-LION.

My ant-lion lived in a large garden belonging to an old chateau in the south of France, which, in former times, had been the favourite country residence of a rich nobleman, but which was now fast falling into decay. The garden had been very magnificent, and was laid out in the old fashioned style, with terraces and statues, and walls once covered with the choicest creepers; and evergreen hedges clipped in all the glory of what was called topiary work, serving in due form for shelter and for shade. The trim parterres, and formal beds where the old gentleman had so carefully tied up with his own hands, his rich and spicy pinks and carnations, were now overgrown with weeds. But many of our favourite garden flowers are the weeds of this mild climate; and many a foreign shrub, and rare plant still bloomed in all their beauty; and though perhaps unseen or uncared for by men, yet they did not "waste their sweetness on the desert air." This neglected garden was the delight of all the insects in the country round. The caterpillars rioted on the leaves, and spun their silken cases unmolested by any careful gardener; and when their butterflies burst forth to life and light, they perched on the finest flowers, basking in the sun, sporting idly in

the air, or uncurling their slender spiral trunks to sip the sweetest honey—"their life all pleasure, and their task all play." The bees came from their distant hives to gather a plentiful harvest in this wilderness of sweets, murmuring in harmonious chorus to the rippling waters that still gushed from the broken fountains. The carpenters patiently bored their cells in the broken seats, and the masons hummed their busy lay as they carried provisions to their little fortresses on the walls. Underground, the colonies of ants had mined their halls and galleries, and were constantly thronging in and out in search of materials and provisions, heedless of the rapacious lion that, "hushed in grim repose," lurked in his solitary den, eagerly waiting to devour the first unlucky insect that should fall into his snare. Nature has not given the ant-lion the power of springing on his prey like a hunting spider, or of darting after it in the air like the dragon fly; nor has he swiftness of foot to overtake the ants as they run. But nature has given him instead, a quality superior to brute force—skill to make a snare; and one too, quite as curious, and as fatal to insects, as the spider's wonderful web. The quadruped lion is a fine majestic beast; and you can easily fancy that when at liberty, stalking over his native plains, he must be the terror of the whole neighbourhood; and that the stoutest heart may quail at the echo

of a roar which is heard for miles around. But in truth, notwithstanding our common phrase "as bold as a lion," the real lion has a good deal of the prowling stealthy disposition of his relation, the cat, and often lies in wait to spring out suddenly from his ambush on his prey. I cannot say for my insect lion that he had any thing lordly or terrible in his appearance. When full-grown he was not more than half an inch long, and he somewhat resembled a flattened spider, but with the fore part of his body broadest, and tapering to the tail. At first sight you might have passed him by as a poor helpless creature, more likely to be preyed upon, than to attack others. However, he was not unarmed; but on the contrary, provided like the spider, with six watchful eyes, and with two horns which you might have mistaken for harmless feelers: more formidable by far were these to his victims, than a bull's horns to us; for the creature could first extend, and then close them, with a deadly gripe, on his struggling prey. Afterwards these same horns, which were hollow, served him as trunks to suck up the juices and entrails of the insects; for these were what he fed on.

His den was a cone-shaped pit, which he had made for himself with much labour and pains, and in a very clever way. He chose his situation under the shelter of a south wall, in a

light sandy soil. He began by tracing a circle very exactly on the ground; then placing himself in the middle of it, he rooted up the soil with his tail, and walking slowly round, by the aid of one of his fore feet he continually loaded his flat head with earth, which with a strong jerk he threw outside the ring. As soon as he had travelled round his first circle, he traced another within it, and scooped out the earth as before; then another and another, smaller and smaller, succeeded, till he had dug his hollow cone about two inches deep: its width across the mouth was three inches. I must not forget to tell you that at every fresh circle he turned himself round, to set off the opposite way; not because he was afraid of being giddy by going round and round, but that he might change his working foot. He treated his feet more fairly than we do our hands, for he did not make one do all the work. When the pit was finished, he made the sides very smooth and firm, that they might not fall in and bury him in his own trap. Then placing himself at the bottom, he covered every part of his body except the points of his pincers with sand, and lay as motionless as if he had been dead. He had not watched very long when an ant came travelling by, with a piece of a bluebottled fly in his mouth. The ant stepped upon the edge of the pit, lost its footing, and down it rolled into the fangs of the lion, who, after suck-

ing till nothing but dry skin remained, chucked the hide out of his way as far from the den as he could; for he was cunning enough to know, that if he had many dead bodies lying about his pit, it would get a bad name, and be avoided. And the piece of fly he tossed away too; for ant-lions are always their own butchers, and will not touch any creature they have not slaughtered themselves. In the course of a few days several more ants fell into the trap; some were able to check themselves half way, and tried to scramble out, but it was hard work climbing such a slippery steep; and the lion, the moment he saw his prey endeavouring to escape, loaded his head with sand, and threw up a shower which seldom failed to bring the poor wretch back to his clutches. Their friends at home missed them, but they did not find out the lion's snare. One day he even caught a cunning old dame spider. She lived in a web upon the wall, and dropping down carelessly, loaded with her bag of eggs, she fell upon the fatal edge. As soon as she found her danger, she strove hard for her life; but the fierce lion had seized her precious bag in his pincers, and in the struggle it was separated from her body. She might now have saved herself by running off and leaving it behind; but no, she faced death rather than desert her treasure. Turning boldly round, she seized her bag with her jaws, and fought des-

perately to defend it, but in vain; the lion was too strong for her, and besides was fighting on his own ground, with his magazine of artillery around him. After a long and furious contest, the spider was overpowered, and lay buried with her eggs under the sand. In this terrible battle the pit was so damaged that it could not be repaired, and the lion was obliged to make a fresh one. This time, though he worked very hard, as you would if you were working for your dinner, he did not succeed immediately; for just as he had nearly finished digging, a round smooth pebble came in his way. With a great deal of trouble he contrived to raise it upon his back, and balancing it as well as possible, he clambered slowly up the steep side, and had nearly reached the edge, when away rolled the provoking stone sheer to the bottom again. You have heard, or you will some time or other read, the fable of Sisyphus, who was condemned by way of punishment to carry up a high hill a heavy stone, which always rolled back the moment he reached the top. The poor ant-lion worked as hard and to as little purpose as Sisyphus for a long time; till at last, finding his labour quite in vain, he gave up the point.

I must defend my lion in this instance, for he did not give up till he had tried patiently every possible means. I should call it obstinacy to persist in an undertaking that no labour

and pains could accomplish. The ant-lion left his pit half finished; but he was not discouraged: he immediately set to work in a fresh spot. Here again he met with a stone, which gave him a great deal of trouble; but as it was not so smooth and round, he succeeded in carrying it out, after several trials, and his new den was completely finished. However, after all his fatigue, he waited several days without food. No ant chanced to pass that way; and I am sorry to say, he made his first meal in the new pit, off one of his own relations—a giddy young creature just hatched, who was wandering by, and not, I suppose, making good use of his six eyes, or he would not have stumbled into this old cannibal's den. The next victim was a mason bee, that came flying from the wall, and unconscious of any danger, settled upon the ground hard by, and busied herself in preparing her ball of sand. The enemy lay still, watching her drawing nearer and nearer, and the instant she came within reach, threw up a shower of sand with such force, that it brought Mrs. Mason tumbling backwards into the pit. There she lay floundering and trying to rise, but the ant-lion, not heeding her struggles, or her loud angry hum, seized her by the back, and holding her aloft in the air, so that she could not use her sting, despatched her in a minute. And now, while he was feasting on this large sweet morsel,

and glorying in his victory, his own turn for misfortune came. He was taken prisoner by a butterfly-hunter, a great collector of curiosities, who had come to the garden in search of insects; and chancing to spy the little lion's pit, pounced upon him, carried him home, and confined him in a box full of sand. You may suppose that our fierce lion was very much terrified at finding himself carried off so suddenly. However, in a little time, finding he was not further molested, he recovered his spirits, and dug his snare as usual; for with all his cunning, he did not find out that he was enclosed by four wooden walls, through which no other insect could pass. Here he patiently watched day after day, and week after week; for his jailor had a mind to try how long it was possible for an ant-lion to live without food, and therefore kept him close confined, not allowing him to hear so much as the buzz of an insect. At the end of several weeks, he offered him a fat bluebottle fly, that had been just killed, expecting that he would seize it greedily. But no such thing; starving though he was, the lion was still too proud or too nice to accept a dead insect; and without deigning to taste the bluebottle, he tossed it out of his pit. At last, after several months' fasting, he grew so thin and looked so miserable, that the virtuoso took compassion on him, and supplied him pretty regularly with live insects. Having plenty of food,

he did not pine for liberty, and soon grew, not very plump, but as fat as it was his nature to be. The following spring he retired completely under the sand, and made his cocoon, which was quite round, and on the outside merely a rough crust of sand and glue. For the inside he spun a lining of pearl coloured silk, as soft and as glossy as satin; and within this richly furnished apartment he changed into a chrysalis. About five-and-twenty days after, when his master as usual visited his prisoner, he found in his place a large and beautiful fly, not unlike a dragon fly, which was so dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, that it did not attempt to escape, but remained for a minute or two as motionless as the lion in the pit. Presently, however, it began to stir, looked about it a little, fluttered its new wings, and charmed with the power of flight, rose into the air and made for the window, where, to its great disappointment, it found itself checked by a boundary of light. In vain it beat itself against the glass; it was not fated to enjoy the beautiful world beyond. The insect fancier had no other specimen of a lion fly in his collection; so he caught the poor insect by its glittering wings, put it to death, and preserved its remains in a glass case in his museum.

THE ROSE.

WHAT a pity, said a boy to his father, that the rose when it has blossomed, does not produce a fine fruit, and thus pay a tribute of thanks to nature in summer for the fair season of its flowering in spring. Thou hast called it the flower of innocence and joy; then would it be an emblem of gratitude also.

Doth it not then, replied the father, furnish its beautiful flower, for the adornment of spring, the favourite child of nature? And for the dew and the light which descend upon it from above, doth it not give to the air its delicious fragrance? Created for the spring, doth it not expire with it?—My dear child, silent, invisible gratitude is the best—and how could innocence prove ungrateful?

FILLIAL DUTIES.

THE piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

VIRGIL.



Among the poets of the Augustan age, the first rank has been, by common consent, assigned to Virgil. His tomb still remains near Naples, and is visited by all enlightened travellers, who hold the memory of the Mantuan bard in veneration.

This edifice appears to have been of a pyramidal form, though the exact style of its architecture cannot, from the depredations of time, be distinctly ascertained. As it is so different from the general style of Italian structures of this kind, it is reasonable to suppose that it was thus built by the di-

rection of Virgil himself, who composed the following epitaph to be inscribed on it:

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope: Cecini pascua, rura, duces.

Which has been thus paraphrased:

I sung Flocks, Tillage, Heroes; Mantua gave
Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.

No vestige of this inscription remains; but the tomb was some time since overshadowed by a laurel, emblem of the deathless lays of the poet. This has disappeared, but numerous plants, shrubs and wild flowers, still cluster around it, as if emulous of doing honour to the sacred ashes there interred.

Although nothing but standing on the spot itself where sleeps the mighty dead, can raise those emotions in the mind, at once so melancholy and so pleasing, yet, as all cannot make it convenient to travel, who feel interested in monuments of antiquity, it is fortunate that by means of the arts of painting and engraving, they can be brought home, as it were, to their own fire-sides, and many structures rescued from oblivion, which time, or the hand of innovation, has destroyed.

Publius Virgilius Maro owed none of his fame to his noble birth, nor to his family connections, his father having been a potter at Andes near Man-

tua, where he was born in the year of Rome 686, and about 69 years before the Christian era.

At an early age he left Mantua, where he had received the rudiments of his education, and studied at Cremona, at which place, when 17 years old, he assumed the *Toga Virilis*, or manly gown.

From Cremona he removed to Naples, where he applied closely to the study of the Greek and Latin languages, physic, and the mathematics. Having become proficient in most of the liberal sciences, and in those accomplishments which render learning attractive, he repaired to Rome, where he was soon noticed by the great, and introduced to the munificent patron of literature, the emperor Augustus.

Being of a sickly constitution and feeble habit of body, it is supposed that Virgil found the hurry and bustle of a court, and the closeness of a crowded city, unfavourable to his health; as he soon left Rome for Naples.

In this retirement he commenced his *Bucolics*, the first of which is a tribute of gratitude to Mæcenas, for having procured him, by his interest, an exemption from the calamities inflicted by Augustus on the inhabitants of Mantua and Cremona.

After the battle of Philippi, which made Augustus and his colleagues masters of the Roman world, the soldiers who had gained him this victory, began to murmur for their pay. The trea-

sure was exhausted, and no resource remained, but an act of tyranny and injustice.

To appease their clamours, therefore, Augustus distributed among them the lands of Mantua and Cremona, dispossessing the lawful owners by force. Virgil was one of the sufferers.

By the interest of Mæcenas, however, his lands were restored, and he represents himself under the name of Tityrus, as reposing at ease under the shade of his own spreading beech, playing on his oaten reed, and singing the praises of Amaryllis, while his unhappy countrymen were abandoning their paternal home, and going into exile in distant and barbarous climes.

The gratitude expressed in this eclogue for this important favour, ingratiated him still farther with Augustus, who distinguished him by many marks of favour, and determined to employ his poetic genius in the service of his country.

In consequence of the civil wars which had desolated Italy, and many other countries subject to the Roman power, scarcity, and even partial famine, ensued. The lands lay untilled, and a sort of apathy prevailed among the great, who gave no encouragement to agriculture, by which alone the evil could be removed.

To introduce among them, therefore, a taste for this valuable art, Mæcenas was directed to engage Virgil in composing a poem in praise of the la-

bours of the field, which should not only be calculated to rouse their dormant energies, but afford them rules and instructions for the exertion of them.

Virgil appears to have readily undertaken the task assigned him, and it is unnecessary to say how well he executed it. The *Georgics* still remain to prove him to have been, not only an exquisite poet, but a good practical husbandman. The design for which they were written was fully answered; the practice of agriculture acquired new charms; Italy began to put on a new face, and plenty gradually resumed its reign in this happy climate.

Had Virgil produced no other work than his *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, his fame would have stood on an everlasting pedestal: but he meditated greater things; no less than an Epic poem, which should successfully vie with the *Iliad* of Homer.

The subject he chose was a happy one: it described the destruction of Troy, the wanderings of *Æneas*, from whom the Romans fancied themselves descended, and his arrival in Italy. Its principal design was, no doubt, to add to the reputation of the author; its secondary purpose, to reconcile the Romans to the government of Augustus.

This poem cost him many years of labour, yet at his death it had not received its final polish.

Virgil wrote for immortality, and therefore laboured to render his performance so perfect, as to ensure the accomplishment of his hopes. The first six books occupied his attention above seven years, during which he kept secret the progress he had made.

At length, in compliance with the wishes of Augustus, and his sister Octavia, he consented to read a portion of his poem in their hearing. The part he chose as most likely to interest them, was the sixth book, which describes Æneas's visit to the shades.

Marcellus, the son of Octavia, an exceedingly promising youth, whom Augustus designed for his heir, having died not long before, Virgil represents Æneas as having met with his shade in the Elysian Fields, many ages before his real appearance upon earth, who, after apostrophizing him in strains of the highest panegyric, suddenly exclaims,—

*"Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."*

*"Ah hapless youth! if thou canst burst the bonds
Of rigorous fate, thou shalt be a Marcellus."*

The imperial auditors, on hearing these praises so artfully and unexpectedly applied to their beloved Marcellus, were deeply affected: Augustus burst into tears, and Octavia fainted. On her re-

covery, she presented the gratified poet with a donation worthy of the sister of Augustus.

When the *Æneid* was brought to a conclusion, but without the final polish, Virgil resolved on making the tour of Greece, and to employ his leisure in correcting this masterly work. At Athens he met Augustus returning victorious from the east, and thinking it his duty to accompany him into Italy, he set out on his return accordingly.

His naturally feeble constitution could not, however, bear up under the fatigues of travel; so that, on his voyage, he was seized with a severe disease, which terminated fatally on his arrival at Brundisium, in the 52d year of his age.

So anxious was Virgil that nothing of his should descend to posterity in an imperfect state, that he gave orders for committing the *Æneid*, which had not undergone its final revisal, to the flames. But Augustus, unwilling that the world should be deprived of such a treasure, forbade this, and committed the care of publishing it to Tucca and Varius, with strict orders to make no additions to, nor alterations in, the original.

The high estimation in which Virgil was held by his contemporaries, may be gathered from his living in friendship with the greatest men of the age, and from the circumstance of the whole audience rising, on his entering the theatre, to do him honour.

MARY WHITE.

WHEN little Mary on the green
First learnt to run alone,
'T was spring, and all around were seen
White daisies, newly blown.

She call'd them lambs, and watch'd to see
Them rise and run away ;
She called them stars—" How sweet 'twould be
If stars came down to play !

" And see," she cried, " How every one
Seems looking up at me !
What are you, pretty things ? speak on ;
Will you my playmates be ?"

An embryo poet was the child ;
And many an infant head
Has visions beautiful and wild,
As e'er Castalia shed.

With care to train the budding thought,
The germs of fancy trace,
Oft spells in infancy are wrought
No after-years can chase.

Fancy 's a fountain, well supplied,
That purifies the soul ;
A vagrant stream of turbid tide,
If left at will to stroll.

Oh ! when her waters first you see
Fresh issuing to the beam,
Let Prudence and Religion be
The Naiads of that stream !

Nurse came at Mary's call, and heard
The prattler's questioning vain ;
And thus *her* fancy sagely clear'd
This *wonder* of the plain.

" These pretty things are flowers." " Indeed !
Ma's green-house flowers are red ;
And don't these pretty white ones need
A window and a shed ?"

" Ha, ha ! Miss—what a little goose !—
Geranium's red, 'tis true ;
But fields and garden grounds produce
Flowers coloured every hue.

" They grow and ramble where they please,
You 'll learn them by and by."
" But tell me now what name have these,
And whose they are—do try."

" They're yours, dear ! everybody knows
Flowers love good children well ;
Your cousin Rose has hers, call'd rose,
And one has little Bell,

" Call'd blue-bell, for her eyes are blue ;
Your cousin, Mary Gould,
Has hers, call'd marigold ; and you
Have all you now behold."

"My very own ? But tell their name,—
O they are such delights !"
"Why, you 're the fairest little dame,
So they 're called *Mary-Whites*."

This random folly pleas'd the child ;
Mamma oft wondering heard
But Mary other flowers revil'd,
The daisy still preferr'd.

And none might gather daisies near
The spot where Mary play'd ;
Nor could she brook their name to hear
Other than nurse had said.

Some laugh'd at Mary's foolish pride ;
Some call'd it "fancy sweet !"
And most, I grieve to say it, vied
To flatter the conceit.

What pride endears we slowly yield ;
(Alas ! the root is strong :)
The empire of the daisy-field
Was Mary's passion long,

So long, I hardly like to tell
Exactly at what date,
But time and reason broke the spell
Of *pride's first lesson* late.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

JAMES and Edward were two little boys, who lived in the country. One Saturday afternoon, they went into the fields with their sisters, and rambled about till they were tired. They then sat down upon a bank, to rest themselves, for the weather was quite warm, and the sun shone with dazzling splendour.

While they were resting here, they saw a poor family pass by, whose appearance presented a strange contrast with their own. For the poor people were ragged and destitute, and were covered with dust. They seemed to have been travelling a long way, and were weary with their long journey. As soon as the young persons saw this forlorn group, a general expression of pity ensued.

"Let us raise a subscription for them," said Edward, "as we did for the poor Cape de Verd Islanders. Come, here is a twenty cent piece to begin with, and my cap shall be the contribution box!"

As he said these words, Edward cheerfully handed round his cap to his little companions, each of whom mustered all his holiday allowance, and readily parted with it. In a few minutes, Edward had made a collection of seventy-five cents, and with this sum he approached the poor

family, who were drinking at a brook, at a short distance. He approached a woman who appeared to be the mother of the family, and gave her the bright silver pieces in his cap. As soon as he had done this he hastened away, to escape the loud and heartfelt thanks of the poor woman.

Great was the joy evinced among the humble group, when they saw the means of obtaining food. They blessed the young people, who had afforded them such charity, and as they proceeded on their way, they cast many a glance of recognition and gratitude upon the little boys and girls, who had afforded them assistance.

The young people thought that this was one of the pleasantest afternoons they had ever passed; and as they walked home, the blessings of the poor family went with them. The reflection of having done some good, and afforded help to their fellow creatures in distress, gave a more lasting pleasure to the children, than all the toys in the shops could have done.

AUNT KATE AND THE REVIEW.

—How do you do, Aunt Kate?—and how is your rheumatism?—and mamma sends her love, and will come and drink tea with you very soon, —and—

—And if you please, ma'am," said the servant, taking up the thread of her little lady's discourse, —"if you please, ma'am, my mistress will feel obliged if you will allow Miss Mary and Master Edward to stay here till their uncle calls for them."

"The Review, aunt—the Review; and Edward is following on his pony, and there will be a mock fight, just, Edward says, like a real fight, only there will be no danger; and we shall see the Duke, and hear the cannons roar, and the bands play, just as they did at Waterloo. Dear aunt, do come to the window and see the crowds on their way to the common—Oh how charming!"—and here the little girl jumped for joy.

"But it would not be so charming to fall through the window, my dear; which I am afraid you will do, if you continue jumping so near it. Suppose you take off your bonnet and rest yourself, till Edward and your uncle come."

"Rest!—dear me—I think rest is the most tiresome thing in the world."

"You will not think rest tiresome to-night, Mary."

"Rest is tiresome, I mean, when one is very happy—when one 'is expecting something very pleasant—when Edward, and Frisk, and Flora"—cried the little girl, cutting short her own oration, for she discovered, through the window, her brother mounted on his pretty pony, and followed by the little dog, which was the joint property of the brother and sister. In a few minutes, Edward and Flora capered into the room—one smacking his whip, the other barking for joy, whilst the pony, not to be outdone, pawed and snorted beneath the window.

As aunt Kate was not troubled with nerves, she did not exclaim against the animal glee of her visitors, but listened with great complacency to the questions and information showered upon her without mercy.

"Aunt, now I've buttoned my jacket close up to my throat, don't I look like one of the Hussar officers?"

"Aunt, did you ever see such a beauty as Flora is growing? and she begs,—begs, ma'am, quite beautifully."

"And aunt—aunt, I say, I don't believe Frisk will half like the firing and the music; but if he does prance, I can sit him quite well, now that I

ride with a straight knee—that is the military style of riding, aunt.”

“Dear Edward, how fast you talk! do let *me* speak a word to my aunt. Shall I not see charmingly, ma’am, from the barouche box?—my uncle says I shall sit there when we reach the ground; and look at my new parasol—how nicely it will shade me from the sun.”

“If you please, ma’am,” said the servant, forcibly taking part in the dialogue—“if you please, ma’am, it was my mistress’s particular desire that Miss Mary and Master Edward should sit quite still whilst with you—and she will ask me when I return, whether they did so.”

Aunt Kate was an able general, and somewhat despairing of effecting the desired quiet by means of abstract reasoning, she brought a new force into the field. Walking up to one of those three-cornered cupboards which are often found in old-fashioned houses, inhabited by good natured old ladies, she brought out thence a plate of fruit and a plate of biscuits. She also filled two glasses with gooseberry wine; and having made these arrangements and dismissed the servant, a change took place in the deportment of her guests. Flora gave over barking and running after her tail—Mary ceased her pirouettes—Edward discontinued smacking his whip—and aunt Kate began to talk herself.

"Well, my dears," said the old lady, as soon as they were engaged with their cakes and fruit, "You certainly do look very happy, and I hope nothing will happen to spoil your pleasure."

"What can happen, aunt?" cried both the children at once.

"Nay, I have no reason to expect that any thing will happen, my dears, but——"

"Look how beautiful the day is, ma'am," said Mary.

"And Frisk is quite cured of his lameness," said Edward.

"I say," resumed aunt Kate, "that I do not anticipate disappointment; but you know pleasure so often has a drawback, that it is always well to be prepared for disappointment, even when we do not expect it."

"Why, aunt, you put a moral, or a caution, or a something, to the end of every thing!"—

"And very right," interrupted Mary, "I dare say we shall do so too, when we grow old."

"But you have not heard my moral, or my caution, or my something yet, Mary; and I was going to give it in the shape of a little history—just as my own mother gave it me when I was about your age."

"Dear aunt, I cannot fancy that you ever were as young as we are."

“And sometimes I can hardly fancy it myself, my dear; but so it was.

“Many, many years ago, on a day just as bright as this is—for Nature does not grow old if we do—I was indulged with what I considered a grand gala; for, living quite in the country, and having few playfellows, a party was not a thing of every day; and I believe I slept very little the night before the one in question. Well—the morning arrived—it was my birthday, and I was to be the queen of the day. The cottage in which we lived was very pretty, but it contained no room large enough for my company, so my father let us have a large light barn for the occasion; he also let the gardener cut down branches of laburnum, chestnut, and lime trees, and with these, and flowers that we gathered out of the fields, or begged out of the garden, we ornamented our drawing room, for so we called our barn. My kind mother supplied us plentifully with fruit, cakes, syllabubs under the cow, and other country dainties. We met early in the morning; boys and girls, to the number of a score; the games we played at, and the songs we sung, have long since gone out of fashion, but I can assure you we made noise enough to waken every echo in the neighbourhood. I don't know whether you can believe it of such a quiet old woman, but I assure

you I was a very wild giddy little girl in those days."

"You, aunt!"

"Yes, my dears—and my very impatient spirit caused my mother a great deal of anxiety.

"So, on the morning of this birthday I was just like a mad thing—as anxious about it as if the happiness of my whole life had been all put together, and given me to spend in one day. Some of my young companions had made me a wreath of early roses, to wear as queen of the day; as soon as they put it on my head, I scampered off to my mother, wilder than ever. She smiled and kissed me; but she sighed too, I remember; and the sigh struck me as so strange a thing, that I asked her what it meant. 'These are pretty roses,' said she, 'and these are shining curls mixed with them, and this is as bright as well as a birth day; but still I wish my little Kate would remember that—the day will come to an end!'"

"Well, I do think it was quite too bad to say that," exclaimed Mary.

"Where could be the use of making you dismal?" cried Edward.

"It no more made me dismal, than my saying that 'to-day will come to an end' will make you and Mary dismal. My mother only wished to moderate my foolish transports of joy, because any disappointment always threw me into equal

transports of grief. However, whether you like it or not, that expression was my mother's motto, and when I grew older and wiser, it became my motto too; and very useful and very comforting I have found it."

"Comforting!" said Mary, "that is very odd; how can it be comforting, just when you are enjoying a day particularly, to remember that it will come to an end?"

"Yes, my dear Mary, my motto *is* comforting, because it applies to pain as well as to pleasure;—to a disagreeable day as well as to a delightful one. I was apt to be rather fretful when a child, and fancy, like your favourite Rosamond, that I had days of misfortune; besides which, I really was very often unwell, and my mother, while trying at such times to relieve and amuse me, would strengthen my patience by using her favourite motto—'the day will come to an end.'"

"Aunt," said Mary, "what is become of all the companions you played with on that birthday?"

Aunt Kate sighed as she answered. "Some are dead, some are far away; but all who live are grown old like myself—their brown curls have turned gray like mine; some have children, or, like myself, nephews and nieces, whom they try to make wiser than they were at the same age.

Some I often meet, some I never see; so you perceive that years, like days, come to an end."

"My uncle's carriage!" exclaimed the children, jumping up as they heard the sound of its wheels under the window—"Now for the Review—now for Frisk—now for the barouche box.—Good bye, dear aunt—Good bye. Pray take care of Flora—down, Flora; down, I say.—Hurrah, uncle, here we are,"—and laughing, whip-smacking, whistling, and pirouetting, as respectively became them, Mary and Edward made their exit.

A few days afterwards, aunt Kate went to see the mother of Mary and Edward, and naturally asked the children whether their pleasure had answered their expectation.

Edward replied, that the pleasure had been greater than he expected; for that he had no idea that large bodies of men could be made to move so rapidly and so evenly. The fine uniforms of the officers, and the beauty and docility of the horses, had also struck him greatly, and the shouting of the people he declared a much grander sound than the roaring of the sea.—Edward concluded his account of the matter by signifying his full determination to train Frisk into a war-horse, and to be a great general as soon as ever he was a man.

Mary's history of the day's pleasure fully agreed with her brother's; only she thought there was something terrible in the shouting of the people;

she said it made her afraid, much more afraid than the noise of the firing; and that, altogether, she preferred the music, because what occasioned *that* had no power to hurt one. Mary further said, that if she were a man she would be an officer, for the sake of hearing military music whenever she chose. She was, however, perfectly contented to be a little girl, because, when Edward was a general, she could go to his Reviews, and hear his band play, which would do quite as well.

Aunt Kate smiled at the simplicity of her little niece and nephew, and next inquired whether they had ever thought of her motto since she told it them?

"Yes, aunt," replied Mary, "I thought of it several times whilst I was at the Review."

"Well, and what then, love?"

"Why, aunt, I felt very sorry to think that 'the day would come to an end'—for I could have stayed there for ever without being tired—not for ever exactly, but for a very long time—for a great many days."

"Indeed, Mary," said Edward, "I don't agree with you at all; and yet I am sure I was very happy, and enjoyed the sight very much indeed; but do you know, aunt, I was not at all sorry when 'the day came to an end'—for I should soon get tired, I think, of doing or seeing the same thing for long together."

"To be sure," said Mary, "if to-day did not go, to-morrow would not come; but still, aunt, I wish your motto would only apply to disagreeable days and disagreeable things."

"Mary is always so wild, just when she is having any pleasure, and so wise afterwards, aunt—it is really quite ridiculous."

"Which do you mean is ridiculous, Edward; the being wild, or being wise?"

"I know what I mean, aunt; only I can't put it in words. Mamma says Mary thinks more than I do; Mary is always talking about yesterday."

"Not any yesterday, brother."

"No, but any pleasant yesterday; and I am either enjoying myself to-day, or else talking about to-morrow. I don't want yesterday over again, as Mary does. Is not my way best?"

"My dear boy," said aunt Kate, "we have got into a subject somewhat above your reach, and above Mary's too. The really wise way, that which produces most happiness, is this—TO ENJOY TO-DAY SOBERLY—TO REMEMBER YESTERDAY UN-REPININGLY—AND TO EXPECT TO-MORROW UNBOASTINGLY."

THE MOURNER.



AH! who is she that sits and weeps,
And gazes on the narrow mound?—
In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
Her heart lies with him in the ground;
She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
Plucks the frail flowers that gaily bloom,
And casts them, as they fade away,
In garlands on its father's tomb:
—Unconscious where its father lies,
“Sweets to the sweet!” the prattler cries:
Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o’erflow
With all a mother’s love, and all a widow’s wo.

Again she turns away her head,
Nor marks her infant's sportive air,
Its cherub cheeks all rosy red,
Its sweet blue eyes and yellow hair:
Silent she turns away her head,
Nor dare I behold that happy face,
Where smile the features of the dead
In lineaments of fairy grace:
In which at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;
Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's wo.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the lime trees, rustling near,
The scattered leaves around her fall:
O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind
To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And listen to the evening wind;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments passed
She sees, she hears;—ah! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with a mother's love, but with a widow's wo.

The peasant dreads the driving storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Views the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye,
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the gravestone's dreary shade,
Where all its father's wishes sleep,
And all its mother's hopes are laid;

Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy,
"O God!" he sighs, 'when I am thus laid low,
Must my poor partner feel a widowed mother's wo!"

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild;
The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her weeping child:
She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone!
He marks the wandering of her mind,
And musing on his happier lot
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot.
He meets his wife;—ah! then his eyes o'erflow;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's wo!

The storm retires;—and hark! the bird,
The lonely bird of autumn's reign,
From yonder waving elm is heard;
O what a wild and simple strain!
See the delighted mourner start,
While robin redbreast's evening song
Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
And soothes her as it trills along:
Then gleams her eye; her fancy hears
The warbled music of the spheres;
She clasps her babe; she feels her bosom glow,
And in the mother's love forgets the widow's wo.

Go to thine home, forsaken fair!
Go to thy solitary home:
Thou lovely pilgrim! in despair
To thy saint's shrine no longer roam;

He rests not here;—thy soul's delight
Attends where'er thy footsteps tread ;
He watches in the depths of night,
A guardian angel round thy bed,
And still a father, fondly kind,
Loves the dear pledge he left behind ;
Behold that pledge!—then cease thy tears to flow,
And in the mother's love forget the widow's wo.

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PLANTING A NAIL IN HUAHINE.

WE have been told that the first nail ever seen in this island was taken from a boat at Raiatea. It was a spike-nail, and brought hither by its fortunate possessor as something of rare value. And so it proved, for he made no small gain by lending it out for hire, to canoe-builders, to bore holes in the sides of their planks. Afterwards, another lucky fellow got hold of a nail, and not knowing how such a thing came into existence, he shrewdly conjectured that it must have been formed by a process of vegetation. Wherefore, to propagate so valuable an exotic, he planted his nail in the ground, but waited in vain for the blade, the bud, the blossom, and the fruit. This man is still living, and has not heard the last of his speculation; being often reminded, to his no small chagrin, of the folly by which he acquired at least one piece of knowledge.

MODE OF MAKING CANOES IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

IN the afternoon, as we were walking round the head of the beautiful harbour, we observed a man and woman stitching together the parts of a canoe, which had been previously shapen from planks of the bread-fruit, and fitted together. The thread used for this purpose is called *nape* by the natives; by the English, *cinet*. It is prepared from the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, and platted into small cords, remarkable for strength and durability. Holes are bored, two and two, about an inch apart, with two feet distance between each two; these, in the pieces to be fastened together, being opposite each other, and wide enough to allow the cinet to be drawn three or four times through. The couple whom we saw at work, proceeded very deliberately; when the cinet was passed through a hole, it was pulled tight by means of a short stick, whereby a strong purchase was obtained; and while this was employed on one side, a stone was used on the other, to beat the cord flat, that it might lie close. A peg was then driven into the hole, to keep it from slackening, till another stitch had been taken; and the work was secured after the last stich in the same way by a pin, that filled up the hole, and wedged the end fast. In this

manner the largest canoes are built, or rather are *manufactured*; the numerous pieces of which they consist, being compactly held together by this kind of thread, which lasts as long as the timber itself, however exposed to the changes of weather, action of water, and ordinary wear and tear. The joints are made to correspond as exactly as possible before the parts are sewed together, and they are afterwards caulked with the shorter fibres of the cocoa husk.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE events of a man's life have frequently taken their first tinge from accident. On sitting one day near a pear tree in the yard of the boarding-house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree for it; poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

THE CORONATION OF PETRARCH.



IN the apprehension of modern times, Petrarch is the Italian songster of Laura and love. In the harmony of his Tuscan rhymes, Italy applauds, or rather adores the father of her lyric poetry; and his verse, or at least his name, is repeated by the enthusiasm or affectation of amorous sensibility. Whatever may be the private taste of a stranger, his slight and superficial knowledge should humbly acquiesce in the taste of a learned nation: yet I may hope or presume, that the Italians do not compare the tedious uniformity of sonnets and

elegies with the sublime compositions of their epic muse, the original wildness of Dante, the regular beauties of Tasso, and the boundless variety of the incomparable Ariosto.

In the eyes of Petrarch, and those of his graver contemporaries, his Italian verse was a frivolous amusement. His Latin works of philosophy, poetry and eloquence, established his serious reputation, which was soon diffused from Avignon over France and Italy: his friends and disciples were multiplied in every city; and if the ponderous volume of his writings be now abandoned to a long repose, our gratitude must applaud the man, who, by precept and example, revived the spirit and study of the Augustan age.

From his earliest youth, Petrarch aspired to the poetic crown. The academical honours of the three faculties had introduced a royal degree of doctor or master in the art of poetry; and the title of poet laureat, which custom, rather than vanity, perpetuates in the English court, was first invented by the Cæsars of Germany. In the musical games of antiquity, a prize was bestowed on the victor: the belief that Virgil and Horace had been crowned in the capitol inflamed the emulation of a Latin bard; and the laurel was endeared to the lover by a verbal resemblance with the name of his mistress.

The value of either object was enhanced by the difficulties of the pursuit; and if the virtue or pru-

dence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry. His vanity was not of the most delicate kind, since he applauds the success of his own labours; his name was popular; his friends were active; the open or secret opposition of envy and prejudice was surmounted by the dexterity of patient merit.

In the thirty-sixth year of his age, he was solicited to accept the object of his wishes; and on the same day, in the solitude of Vacluse, he received a similar and solemn invitation from the senate of Rome and the university of Paris. The learning of a theological school, and the ignorance of a lawless city, were alike unqualified to bestow the ideal though immortal wreath which genius may obtain from the free applause of the public and of posterity; but the candidate dismissed this troublesome reflection; and after some moments of complacency and suspense, preferred the summons of the metropolis of the world.

The ceremony of his coronation was performed in the Capitol by his friend and patron, the supreme magistrate of the republic. Twelve patrician youths were arrayed in scarlet; six representatives of the most illustrious families, in green robes, with garlands of flowers, accompanied the procession: in the midst of the princes and nobles, the senator, count of Anguillera, a kinsman of the

Colonna, assumed his throne, and, at the voice of a herald, Petrarch arose.

After discoursing on a text of Virgil, and thrice repeating his vows for the prosperity of Rome, he knelt before the throne, and received from the senator a laurel crown, with a more precious declaration—"This is the reward of merit." The people shouted, "Long life to the Capitol and the poet!" A sonnet in praise of Rome was accepted as the effusion of genius and gratitude; and after the whole procession had visited the Vatican, the wreath was suspended before the shrine of St. Peter.

In the act or diploma, which was presented to Petrarch, the title and prerogatives of poet laureat are revived on the capitol, after the lapse of thirteen hundred years; and he receives the perpetual privilege of wearing, at his choice, a crown of laurel, ivy, or myrtle, of assuming the poetic habit, and of teaching, disputing, interpreting and composing, in all places whatsoever, and on all subjects of literature. The grant was ratified by the authority of the senate and people; and the character of citizen was the recompense of his affection for the Roman name.

They did him honour, but they did him justice. In the familiar society of Cicero and Livy, he had imbibed the ideas of an ancient patriot; and his ardent fancy kindled every idea to a sentiment,

and every sentiment to a passion. The aspect of the seven hills and their majestic ruins confirmed these lively impressions; and he loved a country by whose liberal spirit he had been crowned and adopted. The poverty and debasement of Rome excited the indignation and pity of her faithful son; he dissembled the faults of his fellow citizens; applauded with partial fondness the last of their heroes and matrons; and in the remembrance of the past, in the hope of the future, was pleased to forget the miseries of the present time.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick shepherd, had a dog named Sirrah, who was for many years his sole companion. "He was," quoth the shepherd, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests, will never be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was all over black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the border, and

doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated him to myself. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, he would try every way deliberately, till he found what I wanted him to do; and, when once I made him to understand, he never forgot or mistook again." About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and his assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd in great affliction, "my man, they 're a'awa." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words, and without more ado he set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion spent the whole night in scouring the hills, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it, (day having dawned,) but to return

to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah, standing in front of them, looking around for some relief, but still standing to his charge. The sun was then up; and, when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered that not one of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the country had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety."



GEORGE III. AND MR. RAMSDEN.

THE late celebrated mathematical instrument maker, Mr. Ramsden, was frequently deficient in punctuality, and would delay for months, nay, for years, the delivery of instruments bespoken from him. His Majesty, who had more than once, experienced this dilatory disposition, once ordered an instrument, which he made Ramsden positively promise to deliver on a certain day. The day, however, came, but not the instrument. At length Ramsden sent word to the king that it was finished; on which a message was sent him, desiring that he would bring it himself to the palace. He, however, answered that he would not come, unless his Majesty would promise not to be angry with him for his want of punctuality. "Well, well," said the King, "let him come: as he is conscious of his fault, it would be hard to reprove him for it." On this assurance he went to the palace, where he was graciously received: the king, after expressing his entire satisfaction with the instrument, only adding, with a goodnatured smile, "You have been uncommonly punctual this time, Mr. Ramsden, having brought the instrument on the very day of the month you promised it; you have only made a small mistake in the date of the year." It was, in fact, exactly a year after the stipulated time.

HUMANITY AND GENEROSITY.

AN amiable boy of about twelve years of age, met a man in the fields near his home, with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amused himself by looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to sell them, "What will become of them, then?" said the boy, "They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure," said the fellow: On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty. He produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying, he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. "Roasted! poor little creatures!" cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket; "pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive my next month's allowance." "I'll be hanged if I trust you," said the fellow; "so get along," giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was so much raised by the push, as to allow one half of the birds to fly away: when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, the boy kept his arm between it and the

edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant, who was witness to the whole scene, interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded: but the benevolent boy getting well in a few days, he stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.

A LEARNED philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fire place, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

WHOSE is that shrill and tiny voice,
That breaks upon our sleep,
Ere yet the morning streaks the east,
Repeating still—"Peep, peep!"

O, 't is that little sooty boy,
From his dark cellar driv'n,
To cry his trade from street to street,
And face the storms of Heav'n.—

For, O! 't is cold—'t is bitter cold!
And fast the snow comes down,
The panes with frost-work are inwrought,
And icicles abound.

Poor little thing! his feet are bare;
Methinks I see him weep;
But still he must pursue his course,
And faintly cry—"Peep, peep!"

Across his shivering shoulders hangs
A damp and sooty bag;
And from his loins, with every breeze,
Is flutt'ring many a rag.

He knows no father's tender care,
No mother's kind caress:
Perhaps he has a master stern—
And rude and merciless!

Perhaps a pauper from his birth,
And in a poor-house bred,
A child of sorrow he has been,
By strangers clothed and fed.

Now he must wait at great folks' doors,
Till they shall please to rise ;
And then, perhaps, a mouldy crust
His hunger must suffice.

Hush, children ! hush ! so snug and warm ;
In peace and comfort sleep,
And think it mercy you're not call'd
To toil, and cry—"Peep, peep !"

BROTHERLY LOVE.

•

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarreling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

CAROLINE CLEVELAND.

IN most great schools, as in other large assemblies of persons, one will generally be found, who, without being by any means the worst disposed or the most stupid, is yet in more scrapes, and oftener punished, than all the school put together, and who comes at last to be pitied by every one but her teachers as thoroughly unlucky. They, indeed, go on punishing, partly on the theory so happily illustrated in Miss Edgeworth's delightful story of Murad, that ill-luck is generally but another name for want of forethought—and unlucky, when applied to a school-girl, may be best translated careless—and partly on the principle which caused Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to punish the soldier whose hat was blown off by a high wind at a review. The sentence seemed abundantly unjust, but it produced the desired effect—the wind blew off no more hats.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, when I, a small damsel of twelve years, or thereabout, was at Mrs. Meadows's respectable seminary for young ladies in Cadogan Place, the several parts of Miss Edgeworth's hero, Murad the unlucky, and Frederick of Prussia's unhatted soldier, were enacted by a young country-girl, called Caroline Cleveland, the scape-goat of the school. Among

the twenty select pupils to whom our governess bounded her cares, not one was half so often in trouble as Miss Cleveland. She tore more frocks, lost more gloves, blotted more books, blurred more drawings, than all the rest of the young ladies put together, and was, in short, a very by-word for indolence, awkwardness, and untidiness. Drawing-masters, writing-masters, music-masters, and dancing-masters, were never weary of complaining of her inattention; and, from the housemaid, as she dressed her, grumbling at her for spoiling her clothes, to Mrs. Meadows, lecturing her for not knowing her lessons, poor Caroline was scolded and thwarted every day and all day long.

Notwithstanding her faults, however, there was a pretty general feeling of liking for the culprit, even among those who scolded her most. There was something exceedingly disarming in the good-humour of the poor little girl, her entire submission to reproof, the total absence of sullenness and self-justification towards her superiors, and the unenvying and affectionate disposition which she evinced towards her more fortunate companions. Generous, disinterested, and benevolent, she was full of that general good-will, that overflowing and warm-hearted kindness, which are so certain to be repaid in kind. It was impossible not to like one who was so ready to like, and so zealous to serve, every creature that came in her way. If there had

been a prize for sweetness of temper, she would have had no competitor.

Another motive, too, caused more than usual interest to be felt in Miss Cleveland. Her father filled a high situation in one of the English colonies; her mother and elder sisters lived abroad with him; and Caroline, left in England for education, under the care of a worthy but rigid grand-aunt, who lived in far Northumberland, and whom she never saw from holydays to holydays, was regarded by those whose own dear parents lived near, and saw them frequently, with much of the pity due to an orphan. Such was the position of Caroline Cleveland at the time my story commences.

If any among her innumerable transgressions against the rules of the school might be accounted her besetting sin, it was speaking English. French was the universal language of the house, and an English mark was passed among the young ladies, transferred from culprit to culprit as they were detected in the fact, and called for three times a day, when the unlucky damsel who happened to be in possession of the badge was amerced in the sum of threepence; the collective threepences being, every second day, transmuted into silver, and deposited in a money-box, a sort of mimic savings' bank, to be expended in a feast at the close of the half-year.

The usual wearer of this order of discredit—an

oval piece of wood, with ^{*}ENGLISH in large capitals engraven on its front, suspended by a riband from the neck—the common bearer of this unseemly decoration was poor Caroline, who never could take the trouble of talking French, on the one hand, or find in her heart to listen after her fellow-talkers in English, on the other; so that, being, from her parents' absence, not very amply supplied with cash, her habitual thoughtlessness extending itself in a remarkable degree to the financial department, she had, at the date of our story, about a month before the holydays, not only arrived at the bottom of the purse which had been furnished to her for the half-year, but actually contracted a debt amounting to the almost incredible sum of two guineas to that grand joint-stock property, the mark.

Not one of the shareholders but would most willingly have abandoned her part of the claim against the defaulter. Readily would the whole company have foregone all the luxuries of the mark-feast—the oranges, the almonds and raisins, the dried cherries, the candied angelica, the brioches, the macaroons, all the confections, French and English—with which that auspicious half-holyday was wont to be celebrated, as well as the orgeat, the capillaire, the *eau de groseille*, and even the two bottles of ginger-wine—innocuous beverage!—the crowning two bottles that closed

the banquet—readily would the whole festival have been abandoned rather than distress the universal favourite.

But the head teacher, who acted as a sort of trustee to the fund, felt it her duty to report the defalcation to Mrs. Meadows, who might be esteemed the president, or, at the least, a bank director; and she in her turn, anxious to inculcate on the thoughtless offender the value of money, and the wickedness, as well as misery, of debt, however incurred, resolved to make the present a lesson which should not soon be forgotten. Accordingly, she told her that the money must be paid before she went to her grand-aunt's for the holydays, a visit to which she had long looked forward with delight, as one of her sisters, recently married, was expected to meet her there from abroad—or that she must pass the holydays at school. But aware how slight was her chance of obtaining the sum needed from her rigid, methodical guardian, who always, on sending her to school, supplied her stated pocket-money for the half-year, and would be horrified by such a demand for forfeits—aware of her situation, Mrs. Meadows added an offer that she herself would pay the debt, and set down the money in Mr. Cleveland's bill, provided Caroline would get by heart the whole of *Athalie*.

The whole of *Athalie*! Caroline, who never yet

had managed to repeat correctly a fable of La Fontaine's, or a page of the *Henriade*, or even a chorus of *Esther*—to learn by rote the entire drama of *Athalie*! The poor girl was in despair. Little did it comfort her that *Athalie* was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great poet, written to please the wife of a great king, and acted by her pupils at an institution founded by herself. However the young *élèves* of St. Cyr might have gloried in the representation of *Athalie*, to Caroline it seemed only the dreariest and weariest task ever imposed upon school-girl. She discovered none of the imputed sublimity; her uncritical eye could only scan the tremendous number of pages “where lines immeasurably spread”—those Alexandrines *are atrocities*—“seemed lengthening,” as slowly and sadly she turned over the leaves. The poor little girl was inconsolable; and we, her trusty comrades, stood pitying around her, longing to contribute our joint hoards to her relief in the way of boon or subsidy; a desire which would certainly have been carried into effect, but that Mrs. Meadows, foreseeing the probability of a subscription being set on foot for so charitable a purpose, had positively prohibited the measure.

Poor dear Caroline! Just as she was turning over the leaves for the third time, tasking her arithmetic to reckon up the speeches and the lines, and vainly hoping to make them out to be fewer and

shorter, we as vainly trying to insinuate hopes from a projected general petition to Mrs. Meadows, from which we all knew that no hope could rationally be entertained—that lady's decisions being as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—even at this dismal moment, as if to read us a practical lesson on the mutability of fortune, a packet arrived for Miss Cleveland from her sister, the bride, containing, besides the usual nuptial prettinesses of cake, and gloves, and silver favours, an affectionate note from her new brother, the bridegroom, together with a delicately-wrought Indian purse, freighted with a golden guinea at either end.

Never was money so welcome! Who now so fortunate as Caroline? She uttered a cry of joy—almost a shriek; flung up to the ceiling the volume of Racine, containing *Athalie*, which, in its descent touched, as I well remember, on my nose, as I happened to be looking up at the instant; and hastened to the head teacher to pay her debt, and be quit of the very thought of *Athalie*. Miss Stevens, the functionary in question, was not, however, at leisure to settle her account; she was just preparing to walk out with the school, and bade Miss Cleveland get ready as fast as she could, and put her money in her pocket until they returned from their promenade.

The walk, a dull and orderly procession of

nicely-dressed and prim demoiselles, arranged in pairs, adjusted according to the height rather than the inclination of the parties, passed as monotonously as usual. But, on our return, Miss Stevens indulged us, and perhaps herself—for it was the very prime and flush of May, and the beauty and fragrance of the trees and flowering shrubs were almost irresistible—by a brief ramble in the delightful shades of the Cadogan Gardens. That half-hour's liberty was worth an age. The gay blossoms of the lilac, the laburnum, the double peach, and the double cherry, mingled their vivid colours with the tender green of the young leaves. The morning had been rainy, and the light drops still glittered on the grass; the birds twittered among the branches; the bright sunshine and the balmy air shed their sweet influences around us; and we were returning, full of the joyous spirit of youth, quickened by this short taste of nature and of freedom, thinking of our own dear gardens and our country homes, when one of those miserable objects seldom seen but in great cities, brought us back to London and its most painful associations.

Leaning against the iron palisade close beside the gate, stood a young woman with one child at her breast, and two others, emaciated and almost naked, clinging to her own squalid rags—a sad spectacle of human misery! She implored our charity, first in broken English, then in the *patois*

of one of the southern provinces of France. Her looks and tears, and the famished appearance of the whole party, were more intelligible than her words. We gathered, however, that she was the wife of a French sailor, whose frigate had been captured by the English, and who was then imprisoned, with many hundreds of his countrymen, at Norman Cross; that a letter from one of his comrades had informed her that he was labouring under a mortal disorder; that she had prevailed on a smuggler, her relation, to land her and her children in England, that she might receive his last breath; that her little money had been expended on the road to London, whither she had traveled in hopes of finding a kind and wealthy Provençal to whom she was furnished with letters, and who would, she was assured, forward her and her children to the prison, that her poor husband might bless them before he died; but that she had lost these letters of recommendation, and with them the address of her good countryman; and she had wandered about, friendless and homeless, a beggar in a foreign land, till now that all hope of seeing her Henri had departed, and her only comfort was, that she and her little ones must soon die too. As she uttered the last mournful words, the poor young woman pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and sank down on the pavement, with a gush of tears

so suffocating and so passionate, that her very heart seemed bursting.

There is something in a real and deep sorrow which goes straight to the feelings of youth. We crowded round the sufferer, in true though unavailing sympathy, and showered upon her the little money that we happened to have about us, or that the prudence of our conductress would allow. It was enough, and more than enough to procure present support and decent lodging, but not enough to reclothe herself and her half-naked children, or to enable them to reach their place of destination; and, though received with the ardent thankfulness of her nation, our gift evidently excited more gratitude than joy. We continued round her, questioning her as to her plans and the sum necessary for their accomplishment, until roused by a peremptory summons from the teacher, who crossed the street rapidly towards Mrs. Meadows's house—Caroline, who had taken an animated part in the discussion, lingering a moment behind, and joining us with some difficulty as we reached the hall-door.

On re-entering the school-room, Miss Stevens called for Miss Cleveland, and announced to her that she was then ready to receive her money, and settle the account of the mark. The little girl blushed and hesitated, and at last, picking up the volume of Racine, which she had tossed into the

air two hours before, announced her intention of accepting Mrs. Meadows's kind offer, and learning Athalie. She was sure that by getting up at four o'clock every morning [N.B. She was always the latest riser in the school]—by being up every day at four o'clock, she was sure that she could do it, and she was sure that the task would do her good; she should be able to learn the common school lessons more easily another time. She would get Athalie by heart, with Mrs. Meadows's leave.

All at once the truth burst upon us. She had given her two guineas to the Frenchwoman! and, on being questioned by Miss Stevens, she avowed the fact much in the style in which she might have confessed a great fault. She could not help it, she said, the poor young woman cried so; and two guineas was the exact sum needed. Besides, she was sure that her sister, Gertrude, whose husband had sent her the money, would herself have given it if she had been there; and that her papa would not mind its being charged in the bill, especially if he could but know how the poor young woman cried: her papa never liked to see people cry, if he could help them, especially foreigners in a strange land. She was sure that her sister and her father would not be angry for that, however they might blame her for speaking English and running in debt to the mark; and, for her own

part, she would rather learn *Athalie*—it was not so *very* long after all ; she was sure that she *could* learn it, and that the task would do her good.

And she *did* learn *Athalie* ; for Mrs. Meadows, whilst listening almost with tears to her generous resolution, was judicious enough to determine that she should earn her own approbation, as well as that of her friends, by completing the sacrifice. She did get up at four o'clock every morning to study *Athalie*, and the effect of this exertion, not only on her subsequent lessons, but on her habits and character, was salutary and permanent. She did learn *Athalie*, and she had her reward ; for the poor Frenchwoman, for whom our good governess also interested herself, reached Norman Cross in safety, and found her husband recovering ; and the news arrived on the very morning of the market-feast, at which Caroline Cleveland, her task completed, was chosen to preside, and over which she did preside, glowing, colouring, and smiling, the gayest and happiest of school-girls.

DESCRIPTION OF A TIGER FIGHT IN INDIA.



ALTHOUGH the Gentoos of India are amongst the gentlest of the human race, and particularly careful not to destroy animal life, the Mahomedan natives are by no means so scrupulous, but take a delight in those ferocious sports which once formed the chief amusement of the Romans, and keep elephants, tigers, and other savage beasts, for the sake of seeing them tear each other in pieces, in an arena constructed for the purpose.

The following description of one of these spectacles, will serve to give some insight into the character of a people who can take pleasure in such pastimes, reminding us in some respects of the bull, bear, and badger baiting of our ancestors. May the progress of true religion and philosophy humanize and refine their tastes, as it has, in a degree, done ours, and cause them to prefer intellectual gratifications to the demoniacal satisfaction afforded by the rage and sufferings even of brutes !

In front of an open building or banqueting room, called Sungi Baraderi, a space about fifty feet square was enclosed by a strong bamboo railing, to secure the spectators on the outside from danger, as it not unfrequently happens that a tiger, when pressed by his antagonist, attempts to leap over the barrier amongst the people.

A tiger, which seemed, by his reluctance to leave his cage, to have a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, was at length driven from it by fire-works,—he took several turns round the arena, attentively regarding the crowd. On a buffalo being driven in, he appeared to shun the combat, and retired quietly into a corner. Recourse was again had to fire-works to compel him to the attack, but whenever the buffalo advanced towards him, he retired and laid down. Seven other buffaloes were introduced, but nothing could overcome their reluctance to engage, and so cowardly

was the tiger, that a dog which had been thrown into the arena, drove him from one corner to another by snarling at him.

On an elephant being brought forward, the tiger uttered a cry of terror, and attempted to spring over the fence. Failing in this, the elephant, urged on by his mohout or rider, made up to him, and endeavoured to crush him by kneeling on him, but the tiger by his agility avoided the danger, and ran to another part of the arena. No efforts of the mohout could induce the elephant to make a second attack: on the contrary, hastening to the gate, he forced his way through and retired, while the tiger, too much alarmed to take advantage of the opening, lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, which made a similar attack, with no better success, and the tiger sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws. Stung with the pain of this infliction, the elephant dashed him with such violence to the ground, by a sudden jerk of his head, that he lay stunned and motionless. The former, however, did not follow up his advantages, but rushed against the barrier, lifted up the whole frame work with his tusks, loaded as it was with spectators, and made his way through the people, who fled on all sides. The tiger was too much bruised to follow.

How melancholy is it to reflect, that man ap-

pears to delight in blood and carnage. To satisfy the cravings of hunger, to defend their young, and to prevent encroachments on their territories, brutes will engage in sanguinary combat; but man alone tortures without provocation, and for pleasure. Let us stedfastly resist every temptation to cruelty, as the heart is insensibly hardened, and the youth who takes delight in injuring even an insect, may, by degrees, become a monster of barbarity.

DR. WATTS.

It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees, said,

“Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.”

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE fragments of riband, of silk, and of lace,
Of industry's toil the display,
You seemed at my entrance to deem a disgrace,
And hastily hurried away.

But place in the wondrous Kaleidoscope's glass
The shreds you appear to despise,
And beautiful shapes will successively pass,
In various tints to your eyes.

From the change which this simple contrivance has
made,
A lesson of use we may learn,
Whenever to scenes or to objects conveyed,
Which taste and refinement would spurn.

Though little our favour they seem to invite,
We must not repine or lament,
For they all may look lovely and fair in our sight,
If viewed through the glass of Content.

EDUCATION.

AGESILAUS, King of Sparta, being asked what he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, "What they ought to do when they come to be men." Thus useful, not extensive or ostentatious, learning is the best.

FRANCESCO AND HIS SISTERS.

FRANCESCO MICHELI, was the only son of a carpenter, in easy circumstances, who resided at Tempio, a town situated in the north of the island of Sardinia: he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. This accident was occasioned by the carelessness of the youngest sister of Francesco, who had been playing with some pieces of lighted paper, and by chance suffered the flame to fall upon a heap of shavings which had been swept up in one corner of her father's workshop.

The blaze spread rapidly over every quarter of the little dwelling; in vain, Micheli exerted himself to arrest its progress. The dry state of the wood of which the cottage was built, rendered it an easy prey to the flames; and whilst the unfortunate man was trying to secure a small box, containing the little savings of many years, the sudden fall of the roof buried him in the ruins, and ere any assistance could be rendered, life was quite extinct; whilst his wife, having secured the safety of her children, contrived to escape through the flames, but was so much scorched and injured, as

to be rendered incapable of any exertion during the remainder of her life.

Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were now left destitute on the world, and were forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day. Every morning little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support, which is founded on the commiseration of others. In many instances, he returned unrelieved and disappointed, and the unhappy widow was unable to give bread to her starving children, from the alms bestowed upon their little brother. Francesco had a certain innate pride, which shrunk from asking a favour of another. The least inquiry into his circumstances, the shadow of hesitation, the slightest repulse, or an air of coldness and reserve, disconcerted him at once; and at such times, he could but return to weep and to lament with his unhappy mother.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindnesses of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity.

He made with lathes, and with some little diffi-

culty, a cage, or aviary, of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful; he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, jays and pigeons.

Even in the most trifling business, one has always need of a companion, and in this, Francesco found his two sisters invaluable assistants; whilst he was abroad in the wood, they sought in the marshes for reeds and bulrushes, of which to make little cages; they fed the young birds which he brought home on his return, and they trained with great care such as they found capable of receiving instruction.

Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were the most attractive and beautiful.

From this source, however, their gains were but trifling; but they wisely considered, that a *little* was better than *nothing*, and any thing preferable to beggary; and each evening, with cheerful hearts, they brought home their scanty earnings to their poor mother.

The object of all their desires was to be enabled to support their helpless parent, but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains : necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and he now meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourites and songsters.

Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets, to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called "Bianca," suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her ; she used to leap about and sport amongst them, whilst they would sometimes peck at and tease her ; but on all such occasions, she would merely stretch out her paw and threaten them, but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions. He went even farther, for not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part, and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it.

R

Puss was instructed to curl herself up into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in a deep sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would play and fly about her, without either fear or restraint; they would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sassari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound, when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with delight and alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers. Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him very liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay

before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

The next undertaking of the little Sardinian was one of more enterprise and singularity still. He found one day a nest containing fifteen young partridges, which he brought to his aviary and began to educate. Five, however, died within a few days, but the remaining ten fully answered his highest expectations. After some weeks of previous training, he contrived to attach them to little cannons made of brass, and taught them to draw them leisurely along a table. He then drew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the other appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird was taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and, at the word of command, the partridge to the right lit a match at a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off his piece of ordnance. At a second command, the company to the left performed the same exercise; nor were either, after a little practice, in the least degree terrified at the noise which they had created. At a third signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their side, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counterfeited death; whilst others flew off, limping, and apparently screaming with the pain of their wounds. The commandant again beat a roll of the drum, and all flying to their ranks, resumed their order, and repeated their ingenious evolutions.

Amongst the feathered pupils of Francesco, however, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and talent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others betrayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the latter class was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. She followed him wherever he went with the attachment of a dog; she hopped after him from house to house, when he walked the streets of Tempio, and flew from tree to tree when he wandered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did she lose sight of her affectionate master. If she disappeared for an instant, a whistle from Francesco brought her to his side, when she would mount upon his arm, flap her wings, and chirrup with delight.

With a docility by no means common in birds, Rosoletta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed to penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; and even sometimes ventured to assist him in the education of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid or mutinous than the rest, put his comrades into disorder, or a thoughtless linnet wandered from the ranks, Rosoletta would instantly follow, and striking the offender with her wing, attempt to keep him in order.

Francesco had once been at great pains to train a beautiful goldfinch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird escaped from his cage, flew to an

open window, and reaching the adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little merchant was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness.

Five days elapsed, and the little wanderer returned not; he had given him over for lost, when on the sixth morning Rosoletta was seen chasing before her along the linden trees, a bird which was screaming at the top of its voice, and attempting by every means to escape from her. Only judge of the surprise of Francesco, when he saw his truant beauty driven on and guarded by the faithful partridge! Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length seated him in apparent disgrace on a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom, very common in the southern countries of Europe, but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along

with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply.

During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; "some," says the Abbé Reperonci (an Italian, who recounts his story,) "lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief and plaintive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourishment during his sickness."

Dying as he was, the affectionate child could not avoid being sensible of the attachment of the little companions whom he had instructed with so much care. He never once betrayed any uneasiness for himself; but often and bitterly did he weep for his mother, and exclaim from time to time, "alas! who, when I am gone, will support my desolate mother, or tend my neglected birds?"

None of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and inconsolable grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched herself upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her, she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves.

During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she

forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. Whilst she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-ground where he lies, is still called "the Cemetery of the Little Fowler."

SAILOR BOY.

WHEN the frigate La Tribune was wrecked off Halifax, in November, 1798, the whole ship's crew perished, with the exception of four men, who escaped in the jolly boat, and eight others, who clung to the main and fore-tops. The inhabitants of the place came down in the night opposite to the point where the ship struck, and approached so near as to converse with the people on the wreck. The first exertion which was made for their relief, was by a boy of no more than thirteen years of age, from Herring Cove, who ventured off in a small skiff by himself, about eleven o'clock the next day. With great exertions, and at extreme risk to himself, he ventured to approach

the wreck, and backed in his little boat so near to the fore-top as to take off two of the men, for the boat could not with safety hold any more. He rowed them triumphantly to the Cove, and had them instantly conveyed to a comfortable habitation. After shaming, by his example, older persons, who had larger boats, the manly boy put off again in his little skiff; but with all his efforts he was unable to reach the wreck a second time. His example, however, was soon followed by other boats of the Cove; and by their joint exertions the whole of the remaining survivors were saved.



THE NATIVITY.



THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse! shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D' YE know the little Wood-Mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Beside the forest spring?

Its fur is red as the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its nest of soft, dry moss,
In a hole so deep and strong;
And there it sleeps secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And waketh to its summer life
When Nightingales are singing.

Upon the boughs the Squirrel sits,
The Wood-Mouse plays below;
And plenty of food it finds itself
Where the Beech and Chestnut grow.

In the Hedge-Sparrow's nest he sits
When its Summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the Hawthorn over-head.

I saw a little Wood-Mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a Mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree;
His dinner of Chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there;
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God has made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth them—
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread,
By Him who cares for all!

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

SIR HARRY LEE, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, England, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed him up stairs, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly turned out; but the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. He, however, returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there. To save further trouble, this indulgence was allowed. About midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor

by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation to a magistrate. The Italian, terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and rob the house. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favoured," are still to be seen at the family seat at Ditchley, a monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.



ENGLISH BOYS.

Nobody can ever frighten the boys with the idea of danger. The Spartans used to say, when they threw a weak born infant over the cliff, that it was better a child should die, than a citizen should grow up useless to his country. When the English let their children slide on thinly frozen rivers, it seems as if they thought,—and wisely too,—that it is better to run the risk of losing a son, than have him timid and pusillanimous all his life long. Not softened then by immoderate caresses, nor terrified by scowling eyebrows or terrible menaces, the English boy is free in his movements;—he sits on the ground or jumps to his feet at his own will; he lies on the sofa or the grass as he pleases: provided only he do not disturb others, he may gratify any innocent caprice of his own. In this way he is continually making trials of himself, becomes accustomed to observe and judge, compares his means with the difficulties to be overcome, sounds the depth of dangers, and acquires vigour and confidence in his own strength. At the age of six or seven, the child is already able to go alone to school through the crowded streets of London, amidst that stupendous medley of carts, carriages and horses. It is true, indeed, that the inviolable and unviolated

footways of the English cities are a guide and protection for boys; but, giving due weight to this, the instances of their being run over or injured by carriages are so very rare, that they should not be defrauded of the merit of their precious good sense. The fear natural to man is itself a sufficient Mentor against danger, without the need of increasing it by an excess of caution. I remember (and with a sigh I remember it) having seen on the lake of Como, the children of the fishermen and the mountaineers, both equally abandoned to their own care, frolic on the banks of the lake, entrust themselves in little boats to the wanton waves, play on the very edge of deep wells, climb up precipices, and hang like wild goats from the lofty rocks, without ever falling, or doing themselves the least injury; and we must confess, that the population of our lakes are most richly endowed with courage and with talent.

DR. FRANKLIN.

ALMOST all the distinguishing features of Franklin's character in life may be traced to his childhood. He was in his earliest days shrewd and artful, industrious and persevering, and of habits the most economical. The stories of his recom-

mending his father to say grace over a whole barrel of beef at once; and of his disgust with a favourite whistle, the moment he found he had paid too dear for it, are well known. When at school, (which was only between the ages of eight and ten years) Franklin soon distinguished himself among his playfellows, by his strength and address, and he was generally the leader in all their schemes. Their great delight was, fishing for minnows; and as their constant trampling had made the edge of the pond a quagmire, Franklin's active mind suggested the idea of building a little wharf for them to stand upon. Unluckily, a heap of stones was collected, at no great distance, for building a new house; and one evening, Franklin proposed to his companions to make free with them, after the workmen were gone home. The project was approved, and executed with great industry: but the next morning the stones were missed, and inquiry was made, and the consequence was, a complaint against the boys. Franklin pleaded, in excuse, the utility of the work; but his father wisely took the opportunity of inculcating the excellent maxim, that what is not honest, cannot be useful.

SWEARING AND PROFANITY.

THERE is nothing so low, vulgar and wicked, as swearing, and it is surprising that men, who wish to be considered as wise and polite, should be found so much in the habit of it. It is not, however, peculiar to the inferior circles of life, but prevails among the great and honourable, so called. Wise and suitable reproofs of this sin have, however, had a good effect, as the following instances show :—

Mr. John Howe being at dinner with some persons of fashion, a gentleman expatiated largely in praise of Charles I. and made some disagreeable reflections upon others. Mr. Howe, observing that he mixed many horrid oaths with his discourse, took the liberty to say, that in his humble opinion, he had omitted one great excellence in the character of that prince; which, when the gentleman pressed him to mention, and waited with impatience to hear it, he told him this: "*that he was never heard to swear an oath in common conversation.*" The gentleman took the reproof, and promised to break off the practice.

Another time he passed two persons of quality who were talking with great eagerness, and damned each other repeatedly. Upon which, taking off his hat, he said to them, "I pray God save you both;" for which they both gave him their thanks.

At the time when the Conformity Bill was debated in Parliament, Mr. Howe passed a noble Lord in a chair in St. James's Park, who sent his footman to call him, desiring to speak with him on this subject. In the conversation speaking of the opponents of the dissenters, he uttered an imprecation on them. Mr. Howe, who was no stranger to the nobleman, expressed great satisfaction in the thought, that there is a God who governs the world, who will finally make retribution to all according to their present characters; "And he, my Lord, has declared, he will make a difference between him that sweareth and him that feareth an oath." The nobleman was struck with the hint, and said, "*I thank you, Sir, for your freedom. I take your meaning, and shall endeavour to make a good use of it.*" Mr. Howe, replied, "My lord, I have more reason to thank your lordship for saving me the most difficult part of a discourse, which is the *application.*"

An Elector of Cologne (who was likewise an Archbishop) one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at? "To hear an archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the Elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince." "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?"

Prince Henry, son of King James I. being at a hunting match, the stag, almost spent, crossed a road where a butcher was passing with his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the dog; at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and endeavoured to irritate the prince against the butcher. But his highness answered coolly, "What, if the butcher's dog killed the stag, how could the butcher help it?" They replied, that, if some princes had been so served, they would have sworn dreadfully. "Away," cried the prince; "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

As Mr. Romaine was one day walking in the street with another gentleman, he heard a poor man call upon God to damn him. Mr. R. stopped, took out half-a-crown, and presenting it, said, "My friend, I will give you this if you will repeat that oath." The man started: "What! sir," said he, "do you think I will damn my soul for half-a-crown?" Mr. R. answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose you would refuse to do it for a reward!" The poor creature, struck with this reproof, as Mr. R. intended he should be, replied, "God bless and reward you, sir, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul: I hope I shall never swear again while I live."

The late Dr. Gifford, as he was once showing

the British Museum to strangers, was very much vexed by the profane conversation of a young gentleman who was present. The doctor, taking an ancient copy of the Septuagint, and showing it to him, "O!" said the gentleman, "I can read this." "Well," said the doctor, "read that passage," pointing to the Third Command. Here the gentleman was so struck, that he immediately desisted from swearing.

CAPTURE OF PARIS.

WHEN Paris was attacked in 1814 by the allied armies, the Parisian artillery placed on the heights of Montmartre was served by the pupils of the Polytechnic school, who were principally from twelve to fifteen years old. They, of course, were inexperienced in war; yet they rivaled in ardour the veterans with whom they associated; and their well-directed fire filled the approaches to the positions with the dead bodies of the enemy. Thus transformed into disciples of war, they served the batteries with all the enthusiasm of valour, and never shrunk from their post whilst it could be retained. Several hundred of these youths fell in the conflict.

EDWARD DRINKER.

EDWARD DRINKER was born in a cottage in 1680, on the spot where the city of Philadelphia now stands, which was inhabited at the time of his birth by Indians, and a few Swedes and Hollanders. He often talked of picking blackberries and catching wild rabbits where this populous city is now seated; he remembered William Penn arriving there the second time, and used to point out the spot where the cabin stood in which Mr. Penn and his friends were accommodated on their arrival.

The life of this aged citizen is marked with circumstances which never befel any other man, for he saw greater events than any man, at least since the Patriarchs. He saw the same spot of earth in the course of his own life, covered with woods and bushes, the receptacles of wild beasts and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a great city, not only the first in wealth and arts in America, but equaled by few in Europe; he saw great and regular streets where he had often pursued hares and wild rabbits; he saw fine churches rise upon morasses, where he used to hear nothing but the croaking of frogs; great wharfs and ware-houses where he had so often seen the Indian

savages draw their fish from the river, and that river afterwards full of great ships from all parts of the world, upon which in his youth he had seen nothing bigger than a canoe; and, on the same spot where he had so often gathered huckleberries, he saw their magnificent city-hall erected, and that hall filled with legislators, astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue. He also saw the first treaty ratified between the united powers of America and the most powerful prince in Europe, with all the formality of parchment and seal, and on the same spot where he once saw William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians; and, to conclude, he saw the beginning and end of the British empire in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of many crowned heads; but, when he heard of the many oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Britain, he bought them all, and gave them to his great-grandson to make kites of; embracing the liberty and independence of his country in his withered arms, and triumphing in the last year of his life in the salvation of his country. He died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years.

THE BEES AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A BEE-MASTER conducted a young friend to his bee-shed, and directed his attention to the wonderful industry of the insect commonwealth. A beautiful butterfly meanwhile fluttered about them. The brightness of gold, the azure of heaven, and the purple of evening, were blended together on its large wings. It settled upon a waving-flower, and then flew away.

What a beautiful creature! exclaimed the bee-master, and yet that was once a crawling caterpillar!

His friend was surprised, and said: I always thought that you bee-keepers cared for nothing but your hives, and took no notice of the other gifts of nature.

My friend, replied the bee-master, I love the bees not merely for the sake of the profit which they yield me. It is only the baser passions and propensities that contract the heart of man, and render him the slave of prejudice: but the more closely he attaches himself to nature the more his heart expands, and his eye delights in all that is good and beautiful around him.

But, continued the friend, the most beautiful butterfly is not to be compared with the industrious useful bee.

The bee-master pointed to the busy hives.

Here, my friend, said he, thou hast the image of active life with its limitations, of the mind bound in its earthly operations—*there* the emblem of the mind at liberty, and elevated above the dust. Therefore did the divine sculptors of antiquity adorn the pure unshackled soul with the wings of the butterfly.

An image and an emblem, indeed ! replied the other ; but might not nature have united beauty with utility ?

And the bee-master answered, in a tone of rebuke : Shall then what is spiritual and sublime be always chained to earth ? and what is divine be drawn down to earthly purposes ? This would indeed be a degradation of our divine nature !

KNOWLEDGE ALWAYS USEFUL.

KNOWLEDGE is our best and richest possession. Every addition of useful knowledge is like adding something to a man's treasure. And it is highly important, that whatever we learn or know, we should know *correctly*. Unless our knowledge be correct, we lose half its value and usefulness. The benefit of *knowledge* is strikingly exemplified in the following little narrative :

The plant *samphire* grows wild on the sea-shore, but is never covered by the water, and a knowledge of this was useful, in a way that might

not have been expected, to some French sailors, who were shipwrecked not long ago near Beachy-head, in Sussex, England. The vessel to which these poor men belonged, was driven on shore by a storm, in the month of November, 1821; the whole crew were washed overboard, and only four escaped from the sea by climbing to the top of a heap of rocks which had fallen from the cliff above. It was a very dark night, and they expected every moment to be swallowed up by the waves, when one of them found a plant growing among the rocks, which he knew to be samphire. As this convinced them that the tide did not rise so high, they knew that they were safe, and did not move from the place till day-break, when they were seen by the people on the cliffs, who immediately came to their assistance.

LETTERS AND ARTS.

LETTERS and arts are the sources of the most permanent national glory. The ambitious politician may fancy that a lambent flame of glory will play around his name; but when a few short years have passed, his plans and himself are laid in the dust. Soon after the death of Alexander, his empire was dismembered; but the empire founded by Aristotle continued nearly twenty

centuries, and till the revival of learning, he was the intellectual dictator of Europe. The Medici of Florence acquired more fame from the share which they had in promoting the culture of letters and arts, than from the immense wealth which they had accumulated; and the name of Leo X. is rendered more illustrious by his patronage of genius, than by his possession of the chair of St. Peter. The encouragement and support which Louis XIV. afforded to learning, at the expense of only a few thousands, have shed greater lustre on his memory and on the French nation, than all his military enterprises, which cost him more than ten times as many millions. His destructive wars exhausted the resources of his country, and drew upon him the merited execration of Europe; but his patronage of letters has cast a blaze of glory around his name, which no clouds of envy can obscure, no power of oblivion can ever extinguish. The influence of literature, science, and arts on the glory of princes, and the character and circumstances of nations, and on the general happiness of mankind, is extensive and powerful beyond all calculation. It may, indeed, be considered as one of the most important agents in the civilization of the human species: a higher degree of intellectual improvement is the cause of that political superiority which Europe possesses over the other quarters of the globe.

DEATH OF SOCRATES.



At length the fatal ship returned to Athens, which was, in a manner, the signal for the death of Socrates. The next day all his friends, except Plato, who was sick, repaired to the prison early in the morning. The jailor desired them to wait a little, because the eleven magistrates (who had the direction of the prisons) were at that time signifying to the prisoner, that he was to die the same day. Presently after they entered, and found Socrates, whose chains had been taken off, sitting by Xantippe his wife, who held one of his

children in her arms. As soon as she perceived them, setting up great cries, sobbing and tearing her face and hair, she made the prison resound with her complaints. "Oh, my dear Socrates! your friends have come to see you this day for the last time!" He desired she might be taken away; and she was immediately carried home.

Socrates passed the rest of the day with his friends, and discoursed with them with his usual cheerfulness and tranquillity. The subject of conversation was the most important, and adapted to the present conjuncture; that is to say, the immortality of the soul. What gave occasion to this discourse was a question introduced in a manner by chance, Whether a true philosopher ought not to desire, and take pains to die? This proposition, taken too literally, implied an opinion, that a philosopher might kill himself. Socrates shows, that nothing is more unjust than this notion; and that man, appertaining to God, who formed and placed him, with his own hand, in the post he possesses, cannot abandon it without his permission, nor depart from life, without his order. What is it, then, that can induce a philosopher to entertain this love for death? It can be only the hope of that happiness, which he expects in another life: and that hope can be founded only upon the opinion of the soul's immortality.

Socrates employed the last day of his life in

entertaining his friends upon this great and important subject; from which conversation Plato's admirable dialogue, entitled the *Phædon*, is wholly taken. He explains to his friends all the arguments for believing the soul immortal, and refutes all the objections against it, which are very nearly the same as are made at this day.

When Socrates had done speaking, Crito desired him to give him, and the rest of his friends, his last instructions in regard to his children and other affairs, that, by executing them, they might have the consolation of doing him some pleasure. I shall recommend nothing to you this day, replied Socrates, more than I have already done, which is to take care of yourselves. You cannot do yourselves a greater service, nor do me and my family a greater pleasure." Crito having asked him afterwards in what manner he thought fit to be buried:—"As you please," said Socrates, "if you can lay hold of me, and I escape not out of your hands." At the same time, looking on his friends with a smile, "I can never persuade Crito, that Socrates is he who converses with you, and disposes the several parts of his discourse, for he always imagines that I am what he is going to see dead in a little while; he confounds me with my carcass, and, therefore, asks me how I would be interred." On finishing these words, he rose up, and went to bathe himself in a chamber adjoining.

After he came out of the bath, his children were brought to him; for he had three, two very little, and the other grown up. He spoke to them for some time, gave his orders to the women who took care of them, and then dismissed them. Being returned into his chamber, he laid himself down upon his bed.

The servant of the eleven entered at the same instant, and having informed him that the time for drinking the hemlock was come, (which was at sunset,) the servant was so much afflicted with sorrow, that he turned his back, and fell a weeping. "See," said Socrates, "the good heart of this man: Since my imprisonment, he has often come to see me, and to converse with me; he is more worthy than all his fellows: how heartily the poor man weeps for me! This is a remarkable example, and might teach those, in an office of this kind, how they ought to behave to all prisoners, but more especially to persons of merit, when they are so unhappy as to fall into their hands." The fatal cup was brought. Socrates asked what it was necessary for him to do? "Nothing more," replied the servant, "than as soon as you have drunk off the draught, to walk about till you find your legs grow weary, and afterwards lie down upon your bed." He took the cup, without any emotion, or change in his colour or countenance; and, regarding the man with a

steady and assured look—"Well," said he, "what say you of this drink; may one make a libation out of it?" Upon being told there was only enough for one dose:—"At least," continued he, "we may say our prayers to the gods, as it is our duty, and implore them to make our exit from this world, and our last stage happy, which is what I most ardently beg of them." After having spoke these words, he kept silence for some time, and then drank off the whole draught, with an amazing tranquillity and serenity of aspect, not to be expressed or conceived.

Till then, his friends, with great violence to themselves, had refrained from tears; but, after he had drunk the potion, they were no longer their own masters, and wept abundantly. Apollodorus, who had been in tears almost the whole conversation, began then to raise great cries, and to lament with such excessive grief, as pierced the hearts of all that were present. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and even reproved his friends, though with his usual mildness and good-nature. "What are you doing?" said he to them: "I wonder at you! Oh! what is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I sent away the women, that they might not fall into these weaknesses? for I have always heard you say, that we ought to die peaceably, and blessing the gods. Be at ease, I beg

you, and show more constancy and resolution." He then obliged them to restrain their tears.

In the mean time he kept walking to and fro, and when he found his legs grow weary, he lay down upon his back, as he had been directed.

The poison then operated more and more. When Socrates found it began to gain upon the heart, uncovering his face, which had been covered, without doubt, to prevent any thing from disturbing him in his last moments,—“Críto,” said he, “we owe a cock to Esculapius; discharge that vow for me, and pray do not forget it:” Soon after which he breathed his last. Críto went to his body, and closed his mouth and eyes. Such was the end of Socrates, in the first year of the ninety-fifth Olympiad, and the seventieth of his age.



THE SPIDER.

A boy walked forth with his father into the vineyard. There he found a bee caught in the web of a spider, which had already opened its formidable jaws to despatch its prisoner. But the boy set the bee at liberty and destroyed the web of the rapacious insect.

The father of the boy beheld this and said: How canst thou, my son, feel so little respect for the skill and ingenuity of this creature, as to destroy the web which it has woven with such pains? Didst thou not observe how regularly and beautifully the delicate threads were arranged?—how then canst thou be at once so compassionate and so cruel?

Is not the art of the spider malicious, replied the boy, and directed to deeds of perfidy and murder? The bee on the contrary collects honey and wax in its cells. Therefore did I release the bee and destroy the web of the spider.

The father commended the judgment of unaffected simplicity, that condemns even the most brilliant talents, which, actuated by self-interest, aim at the injury and ruin of others.

But, continued the father—thou mayst nevertheless have done injustice to the spider. See how it defends our ripening grapes from the flies

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and wasps with its web, which it stretches before them.

Does it then act thus, asked the boy, to defend the fruit, or is it not rather to satiate its own thirst of blood ?

Truly, answered the father, it is not to be supposed that the spider cares much about the grapes.

O, said the boy, then the good which it does unintentionally has no merit.

True, replied the father, our thanks for this service are due to nature alone, which can cause even the pernicious and mischievous to contribute to the preservation of the good and useful.

Why, asked the boy soon afterwards, why doth the spider abide alone in her solitary web, while the bees live together in social harmony, and labour for the general benefit of the community ? Why do not the spiders associate to make one large net ?

My dear child, replied the father, many cannot live in harmony together but for good purposes. The union of the wicked and the selfish carries in its bosom the seeds of dissolution. Wise Nature, therefore, would not attempt to effect that which men so often find from experience to be impracticable and ruinous.

As they were returning home, the boy said : I have however learned something to-day of the ugly spider.

Why not?—answered the father—Nature hath placed the hurtful beside the beneficial, and the bad by the good, that the latter may appear by the contrast the more beautiful and excellent: and thus man may learn a lesson even from the former.

BENEFIT OF EARLY RISING.

EARLY rising *is beneficial to health*; that first of earthly blessings; whilst the pernicious habit of continuing an unnecessary length of time in bed is assuredly destructive to health. Nothing can be more certain than this, although it is not commonly observed, because the evil steals on by slow and imperceptible degrees. The celebrated old *Parr*—celebrated for his healthful longevity—attained the most uncommon and almost incredible age of *one hundred and fifty years*. One of his simple maxims was—*rise early*, and “go to bed soon.”

Early rising is favourable to study. When are we so competent for application, as in the morning, when both the body and mind are refreshed and invigorated by rest and sleep, when all nature, as if awakened and quickened by the cheerful sun gone from “his chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race”—when

the precious hours of morning, unbroken by intrusion, are wholly our own—when the attention is as yet undivided, the thoughts undisturbed by the many distracting cares of the day. As yet the temper has not been ruffled; and a calm mind is essential to successful study. The head is now, if ever, cool and clear, and the memory fresh and vigorous.

Method and *punctuality* are indispensable for *study*, and for the *despatch of business*; but what would these be without *time*, and when is *time to be redeemed* but in the *morning*?

Early rising is friendly to prayer and devotion. These are infinitely higher motives for rising and redeeming the morning, than any thing merely human. Just as the soul is unspeakably more valuable than the body. "I take it for granted," says *Law* in his *Serious Call*, "that every Christian who is in health is up early in the morning. For it is much more reasonable to suppose a person is up early because he is a *Christian*, than because he is a labourer, a tradesman or a servant." If an undisturbed mind and undivided attention are due to any thing, it is surely to the subject most worthy of man that these are due—the contemplation of the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity, who claims the first fruits of the morning, and the earliest best thoughts of the heart. The heavenly aspirations

of David's soul were, "*Early* will I seek thee, O God;—" "In the *morning* will I direct my prayer to Thee." The sinner's *first journey* every day should be *to a throne of grace*; the soul's *first visit* in the morning, *the King of Zion*. If every morning should be so employed in seeking God to bless, to protect, to guide, to fortify, through the snares and difficulties and duties of the day—more especially should the *Sabbath morning* be so occupied.

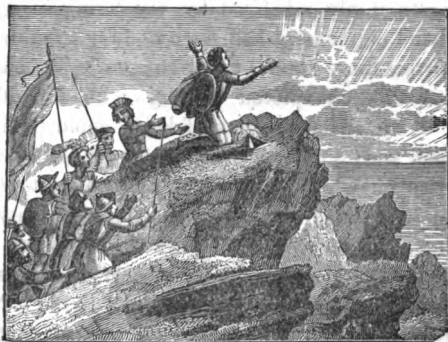
It is in the leisure and stillness of the morning hours that we should *search the scriptures*. Man is to live not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God. The soul feeding earnestly on the word of God, and taught by the Holy Spirit, is gathering the best provision, and acquiring the most valuable knowledge, and securing the most invaluable riches, ~~not~~ merely for the *day* or for *time*, but for *eternity*.

Reverend Dr. Doddridge.—This excellent divine, in a note to his valuable work on the New Testament, says, "I will here record an observation which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say, that the production of this work, and most of my other works, is owing,—that the difference between rising at *five* and *seven* o'clock in the morning for the space of *forty years*, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the

addition of *ten years* to a man's life." This is on the supposition that *eight hours* be given daily to study and devotion. What a saving, *ten years in forty!* Who would after this, *sleep and sin away the morning?*

Bishop Horne.—This pious prelate closes the preface to his very excellent comment on the *Psalms*, by saying, "Could the author flatter himself, that one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly: vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. *He arose fresh as the morning to his task.* Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the *songs of Zion* he never expects to see in this world. They are gone; but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet."

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



THE isthmus of Darien is not above sixty miles in breadth; but this neck of land which binds together the continents of North and South America, is strengthened by a chain of lofty mountains stretching through its whole extent, which render it a barrier of solidity sufficient to resist the impulse of two opposite oceans. The mountains are covered with forests almost inaccessible. The valleys in that moist climate, where it rains during two-thirds of the year, are marshy, and so frequently overflowed, that the inhabitants find it ne-

cessary, in many places, to build their houses upon trees, in order to be elevated at some distance from the damp soil, and the odious reptiles engendered in the putrid waters. Large rivers rush down with an impetuous current from the high grounds. In a region thinly inhabited by wandering savages, the hand of industry had done nothing to mitigate or correct those natural disadvantages. To march across this unexplored country with no other guides but Indians, whose fidelity could be little trusted, was, on all those accounts, the boldest enterprise on which the Spaniards had hitherto ventured in the New World. But the intrepidity of Balboa, was such, as distinguished him among his countrymen, at a period when every adventurer was conspicuous for daring courage [1513]. Nor was bravery his only merit; he was prudent in conduct, generous, affable, and possessed of those popular talents which, in the most desperate undertakings, inspire confidence and secure attachment. Even after the junction of the volunteers from Hispaniola, he was able to muster only a hundred and ninety men for his expedition. But they were hardy veterans, inured to the climate of America, and ready to follow him through every danger. A thousand Indians attended them, to carry their provisions; and, to complete their warlike array, they took with them several of those fierce dogs, which were no less formidable than destructive to their naked enemies.

Balboa set out upon this important expedition on the first of September, about the time that the periodical rains began to abate. He proceeded by sea, and without any difficulty, to the territories of a cazique, whose friendship he had gained; but no sooner did he begin to advance into the interior part of the country, than he was retarded by every obstacle, which he had reason to apprehend, from the nature of the territory, or the disposition of its inhabitants. Some of the caziques, at his approach, fled to the mountains with all their people, and carried off or destroyed whatever could afford subsistence to his troops. Others collected their subjects, in order to oppose his progress; and he quickly perceived what an arduous undertaking it was to conduct such a body of men through hostile nations, across swamps, and rivers, and woods, which had never been passed but by straggling Indians. But by sharing in every hardship with the meanest soldier, by appearing the foremost to meet every danger, by promising confidently to his troops the enjoyment of honour and riches superior to what had been attained by the most successful of their countrymen, he inspired them with such enthusiastic resolution, that they followed him without murmuring. When they had penetrated a good way into the mountains, a powerful cazique appeared in a narrow pass, with a numerous body of his subjects, to obstruct their pro-

gress. But men who had surmounted so many obstacles, despised the opposition of such feeble enemies. They attacked them with impetuosity, and, having dispersed them with much ease and great slaughter, continued their march. Though their guides had represented the breadth of the isthmus to be only a journey of six days, they had already spent twenty-five in forcing their way through the woods and mountains. Many of them were ready to sink under such uninterrupted fatigue in that sultry climate, several were taken ill of the dysentery and other diseases frequent in that country, and all became impatient to reach the period of their labours and sufferings. At length the Indians assured them, that from the top of the next mountain they should discover the ocean, which was the object of their wishes. When, with infinite toil, they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, and advanced alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country, and so honourable to himself. His followers, observing his transports of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exultation,

and gratitude. They held on their course to the shore with great alacrity, when Balboa, advancing up to the middle in the waves with his buckler and sword, took possession of that ocean in the name of the king his master, and vowed to defend it with these arms, against all his enemies.

That part of the great Pacific or Southern Ocean which Balboa first discovered, still retains the name of the Gulph of St. Michael, which he gave to it, and is situated to the east of Panama. From several of the petty princes, who governed in the district adjacent to that gulf, he extorted provisions and gold by force of arms. Others sent them to him voluntarily. To these acceptable presents, some of the caziques added a considerable quantity of pearls; and he learned from them, with much satisfaction, that pearl oysters abounded in the sea which he had newly discovered.



WEEP NOT FOR ME.

The following lines are said to have been addressed by a young man, when on his death-bed, to his *weeping* mother :—

• When the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me;
 When the languid-eye is straining,
 Weep not for me;
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing,
 'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing,
 Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me;
 Christ is mine,—He cannot fail me,
 Weep not for me:
 Yes—though sin and doubt endeavour
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength for ever,
 Weep not for me.

ADDITIONAL.

Life and all its joys resigning,
 Weep not for me;
 Dearest ties, though now untwining,
 Weep not for me;
 Heavenly visions, see unfolding!
 The Throne—the Lamb—mine eyes beholding,
 "Mortal" into "immortal" moulding,
 Weep not for me.

THE PAINTER AND HIS MASTER.

A YOUNG painter had once produced a beautiful picture, the best that had ever issued from his pencil; even his master could not detect any fault in it. The young artist was so delighted, that he suspended his studies, and was incessantly contemplating the work of his art; for he believed that he should never surpass this effort of his talents.

One morning when he would have again feasted his eyes on his picture, he found that his master had effaced the whole piece. Vexed unto tears, and burning with anger, he ran to him and inquired the cause of this cruel procedure.

I have not done it without mature deliberation, replied the master. The picture served, indeed, for a proof of thy progress, but it was at the same time thy ruin.—How so? asked the young artist. My friend, replied the master, thou didst no longer love thy art in the picture, but only thyself. Believe me, it was not a finished performance, though it might so appear, but only a study. Resume thy pencil, and try what thou canst again produce. Regret not the sacrifice. The great and the sublime must be within thyself before thou canst transfer them to the canvass.

Full of confidence in himself and his instructor, he took up his pencil and produced his masterpiece—*The Sacrifice of Iphigenia*—for the name of the artist was TIMANTHES.

THE LOST CHILD.

A PERSON travelling in America describes a sermon he heard in the following manner:—The preacher read the parable of the prodigal son, and when he came to these words, “and when he saw him afar off, he ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him,” he stopped. “This,” said he, “is my text.” I had heard it preached on a hundred times; I thought I could preach a sermon on it myself; but even his manner of reading it told me he had discovered something in this passage of scripture that was new to me. He proceeded to illustrate the love which our heavenly Father bears to his disobedient children, from the affection manifested by parents towards their offspring, in all circumstances, even when disobedient and unnatural in their conduct; and the joy they experience when they return to their duty. I felt that I had never heard the subject handled in so interesting and feeling a manner; and my reflections involuntarily took a retrospect of my early life, and I taxed my memory for an unkind look, word, or action, towards the dear authors of my being; I felt an assurance that those around me were similarly engaged. There was a peculiar solemnity pervading the whole audience; some eyes began to moisten; I felt my own do so likewise.

"But," says the preacher, "I will tell you a story. In the year 1821, I was stationed in Ohio. You know, my friends," said he, "there are extensive woods in that part of the state. In places there are no dwellings within miles of each other; and animals of prey are often seen there. One evening, late in autumn, a few of the neighbours were assembled around me in one of those solitary dwellings, and we had got well engaged in the worship of God, when it was announced that the child of a widow was lost in the wood. It was cold, and the wind blew, and some rain was falling. The poor woman was in agony, and our meeting was broken up. All prepared to go in search of the lost child; the company understood the business better than I did, for they had been bred in these extensive *barrens*; and occurrences like the present are, probably, not unfrequent among them. They equipped themselves with lanterns and torches, for it was quite dark, and tin-horns to give signals to different parts of the company when they should become widely separated. For my part, I thought duty required that I should take charge of the miserable woman; she was nearly frantic, and as time permitted her to view her widowed and childless condition, and the circumstances of the probable death of her child, her misery seemed to double upon her. She took my arm; the company divided into parties; and,

taking different directions, we commenced the search. The understanding was, that when the child should be found, a certain *wind* of the horn should be made, and that all who should hear it should repeat the signal; in this way all the company would receive the information. The prospect of finding a lost child in these extensive forests would, at any time, be sufficiently discouraging. The difficulty must be greatly increased by a dark rainy night. We traveled many miles, and to a late hour; at length we became satisfied that the further search would be unavailing; and all but the mother determined to return home: It was an idea she could not for a moment endure. She would hear of nothing but further search. Her strength, at last, began to fail her, and I prevailed on her to return to her abode. As she turned her face from further search, and gave up her child as lost, her misery was almost too great for endurance. "My child," said she, "has been devoured by a wild beast; his little limbs have been torn asunder; and his blood been drunk by the hideous monster;"—and the idea was agony. As she clung to my arm, it seemed as if her heart-strings would break. At times I had almost to support her in my arms to prevent her from falling to the earth. As we proceeded on our way back, I thought I heard, at a great distance, the sound of a horn. We stopped and listened; it was repeat-

ed; it was the concerted signal: the child was found. "And what," said the preacher, "were the feelings of the mother?—"my child was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

It was too much. The whole assembly burst into an involuntary gush of tears. Some sobbed outright, and others attempted, in vain, to conceal their emotions. "Such," said the preacher, "are the feelings of your heavenly Father, when he sees his disobedient and wandering children returning to him, when even afar off."

OF THE DIAMOND MINES AT PURTYALL, IN INDIA.

So great is the value attached to the stone called the diamond, and so universally is it prized as one of the distinguishing ornaments of the wealthy and great, that men consent to inhabit the most desert spots, to endure the greatest privations and hardships, for the purpose of seeking this precious mineral, which opinion chiefly makes valuable, as it possesses but few qualities really serviceable to mankind.

Diamonds are found both in the old and new world. Those of the former are, in general, most highly prized, as being of a finer water, and more free from flaws.

Among the most celebrated mines of this gem, were once those of Purtyall or Gunny Purtyall, situated within the Company's possessions, near the Kistna river, about eight miles S. W. of Condapilly, lat. 16. 39 N. long. 80. 46 E.

Tradition reports, that the discovery of these mines was made by some shepherds, who, while tending their flocks, observed some of these glittering bawbles, and carried them home as something curious, though without knowing their value. They soon, however, caught the eye of persons experienced in jewels, who purchased them for a trifling consideration, and importuned the shepherds to point out the place where they were found.

Their search, it appears, was successful, and their good fortune becoming known, numerous parties repaired to the spot, and soon exhausted that and the adjacent lands of their precious produce; they then proceeded to excavate the earth, and, to search in its bowels for what could no longer be found on its surface.

The mines of Purtyall were first opened about 130 years ago. The soil is in general black, but it is amongst the gray, pebbly kind, which is found on the gently sloping heights, that the miners begin their operations. After digging to the depth of from fourteen to thirty feet, they come to a bed of small pebbles, intermixed with a

kind of mineral earth, of a yellow or reddish cast; in this the diamonds are found.

A quantity of the earth being dug out, it is thrown into a cistern of water, and after being allowed to soak for some time, is stirred about, and then suffered to rest till the gravelly matter has sunk to the bottom. The water is then let off, and fresh supplied, until the earthy substance is washed away, and the gravelly alone remains. This is thinly spread on a smooth surface prepared for it, and examined with such care, that the smallest gem does not escape the notice of the searchers.

To prevent fraud by the concealment of the stones, the miners work naked, except a piece of cloth round the waist, and are narrowly watched by overseers appointed for the purpose. No strangers nor women are permitted to approach within a certain distance of the works: at present they are abandoned, but the neighbouring inhabitants still explore the heaps of earth formerly thrown up, and occasionally find diamonds about the size of a large pin's head, which they sell for one or two rupees each.

The diamonds of Purtyall are usually small, seldom exceeding thirty carats, and they are frequently of a yellowish or reddish tinge, and sometimes streaked with black. Those above fifteen carats pay a duty, but all under that weight are exempt.

THE SNAKE CHARMER.

WITH all his boasted reason, man, in all ages and in all countries, has been the dupe of imposture. This may be attributed, in some measure, to his fondness for the wonderful: he, who by his superior knowledge of the arts, or by his dexterity of hand, can produce some effect apparently contrary to the usual course of nature, is by the generality of mankind, looked up to as possessed of supernatural powers.

For the purpose of acquiring this ascendancy over the minds of their fellow men, and of procuring a comfortable subsistence without the inconveniences of labour, persons have attempted the most dangerous experiments, and undergone the most painful preparations.

There is, perhaps, no animal more abhorrent to our nature, none that is more dangerous, than the venomous serpent tribe. Yet, in all ages, there have been men who have, for the sake of gain, become familiar with these terrible reptiles,—carried them in their bosom, suffered them to twine about their bodies, taught them to dance, and even, as the Psylli of Egypt, devoured them alive.

In India, these creatures are so numerous as frequently to lurk in the houses, to the great danger of their inmates. This circumstance has been

taken advantage of by a species of impostors, who pretend to be possessed of a power by which they can compel the animals to come forth from their retreat, and suffer themselves to be taken alive.

These men are provided with a number of serpents of a venomous species, chiefly the cobra-d'capello, or hooded spectacle snake, whose bite is speedily mortal, but which are rendered harmless by drawing out their poisonous fangs. These they teach to dance to the sound of a pipe, and perform other amusing tricks.

Some English gentlemen, who suspected that their pretended power of charming serpents from their holes was a mere trick, sent for three of these men, and desired them to clear a certain space of such intruders, and to kill the snakes as fast as they were taken.

With this latter condition the men refused to comply, alleging that they had promised the serpents to do them no harm, if they would suffer themselves to be caught. This refusal increased the suspicions of the gentlemen, and they resolved to watch them narrowly.

Dressed in long robes, which reached to the ground, the jugglers walked over the prescribed space, singing an air, which was the pretended charm: when the foremost of them came to the door of an outhouse which was said to be the haunt of a serpent of extraordinary size, he

halted, and continued his song, until, suddenly darting forward, he produced a snake, which he said had just appeared from its hole, though no one saw it until in the sorcerer's hand.

Confirmed in their conjectures, the gentlemen now desired the Indians to lay aside their robes, with which request they reluctantly complied: but from this moment no snake was caught, though they continued their conjurations for more than an hour.

Finding themselves thus detected, the men at length explained the secret of their art. They have constantly a number of tame serpents of different species. When called upon to exercise their art, they take care to inquire what kind of serpents infests the premises, and provide themselves accordingly, by putting some of the same species into the pockets with which their robes are furnished.

When they have performed their incantations as long as they think proper, they suddenly cry out that a snake is appearing at its hole, dart forward, and seem to seize it, producing one which they have dexterously drawn from their garment. The simple Hindoos firmly believe their professions, and thinking that their premises are actually freed from these dangerous intruders, grow less cautious, and are bitten before they are aware.

Let not young persons suppose, from the pre-

ceding remarks, that, though we feel an instinctive abhorrence of the serpent tribe, and are justified in destroying them if they infest our houses and endanger our safety, they are useless in creation. They serve to thin the numbers of birds, mice, toads, frogs, and other animals that would multiply to our great annoyance without their aid.

The poison too, with which many of them are furnished, is not intended to injure man, but for their own defence, and to provide them food. From the slowness of their motions, and the feebleness of their teeth, their prey would frequently escape, were it not that, if once bitten, death soon ensues, and the creatures are sure to find their victim at a short distance, even though they could not hold it.

By a diligent attention to the works of nature, we shall get rid of many of our foolish prejudices, and see reason to admire the goodness of God in creating those things which we have been taught to consider as scourges rather than blessings; and when we cannot plainly see the use of any thing, let us attribute it to our ignorance, rather than to the want of benevolence in our great Creator.

THE DIVING BELL.

IF you take a glass tumbler, and plunge it in water with the mouth downwards, you will perceive that very little water will enter into it. The air which filled the glass before it was put in water, prevents the entrance of the water into the glass; but as air is compressible, it could not entirely exclude the water, which, by its pressure, condensed the air a little. Upon this simple principle machines have been invented, by which people have been able to walk about at the bottom of the sea, with as much safety as upon the surface of the earth. The original instrument of this kind was much improved by Dr. Halley, more than a century ago. This machine was made of copper in the shape of a bell. The diameter of the bottom was five feet, that of the top three feet, and it was eight feet high; to make the vessel sink vertically in water, the bottom was loaded with a quantity of leaden balls. Light was let into the bell by means of strong spherical glasses fixed in the top of the machine. Barrels, filled with fresh air, were made sufficiently heavy, and sent down, from which a leathern pipe communicated with the inside of the bell, and a stop-cock at the upper part of the bell let out the foul air.

FATE OF THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENSION.

THE fate of M. P. de Rozier, the first aërial navigator, and of his companion M. Romain, has been much lamented. They ascended at Bologne, on July 15, 1785, with an intention of crossing the channel to England. Their machine consisted of a spherical balloon, thirty-seven feet in diameter, filled with inflammable air, and under this balloon was suspended a small montgolfier, or fire-balloon, ten feet in diameter. This montgolfier was designed for rarefying the atmospheric air, and thus diminishing the specific gravity of the whole apparatus. For the first twenty minutes they seemed to pursue the proper course; but the balloon appeared to be much inflated, and the aëronauts appeared anxious to descend. Soon, however, when they were at the height of about three-quarters of a mile, the whole apparatus was in flames, and the unfortunate adventurers fell to the ground, and were killed on the spot.

A FIELD FLOWER.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield;
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains, catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'T is FLORA's page: in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The DAISY never dies.

EVENNESS OF TEMPER.

It is related of Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, who was remarkable for the evenness of his temper, that having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to show him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly ordered to bring it; who, in delivering it to the gentleman, unfortunately let it fall, and broke it

all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "*Be under no concern, my dear Sir!*" said the Bishop, smiling; "*I think it rather a lucky omen: we have hitherto had a dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.*"

THE FAMILY EXPOSITOR.

MR. W. a merchant at Boston, according to his wonted liberality, sent a present of chocolate, sugar, &c. to the Rev. Dr. B. with a billet desiring his acceptance of it as a comment on Gal. vi. 6, "Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." The Doctor, who was then confined by sickness, returned his compliments to Mr. W. thanked him for his excellent *family expositor*, and wished Mr. W. to give him a practical exposition of Matt. xxv. 36. "I was sick, and ye visited me."

A GOOD ANSWER.

A CHILD of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by a dignified clergyman, "Where God was," with the proffer of an orange. "Tell me (replied the boy) where he is not, and I will give you two."

THE OSTRICH.

NOT in the land of a thousand flowers,
Not in the glorious Spice-wood bowers;
Not in fair islands by bright seas embraced,
Lives the wild Ostrich, the bird of the waste.
Come on to the Desert, his dwelling is there,
Where the breath of the Simoom is hot in the air;
To the Desert, where never a green blade grew,
Where never its shadow a broad tree threw,
Where sands rise up, and in columns are wheeled
By the winds of the Desert, like hosts in the field;
Where the Wild Ass sends forth a lone, dissonant bray,
And the herds of the Wild Horse speed on through the
day—

The creatures unbroken, with manes flying free,
Like the steeds of the whirlwind, if such there may be.
Yes, there in the Desert, like armies for war,
The flocks of the Ostrich are seen from afar,
Speeding on, speeding on o'er the desolate plain,
While the fleet mounted Arab pursueth in vain!
But 't is joy to the traveler who toils through that land,
The egg of the Ostrich to find in that sand;

'T is sustenance for him when his store is low,
And weary with travel he journeyeth slow
To the well of the Desert, and finds it at last
Seven days' journey from that he hath passed:

Or go to the Caffre-land,—what if you meet
A print in the sand, of the strong Lion's feet!
He is down in the thicket, asleep in his lair;
Come on to the Desert, the Ostrich is there—
There, there! where the Zebras are flying in haste,
The herd of the Ostrich comes down o'er the waste—
Half running, half flying—what progress they make!
Twang the bow! not the arrow their flight can o'ertake!
Strong bird of the Wild, thou art gone like the wind,
And thou leavest the cloud of thy speeding behind;
Fare thee well! in thy desolate region, farewell,
With the Giraffe and Lion, we leave thee to dwell!



THE CONTENTED FAMILY.



“WHAT a happy little girl Jane is, now you have praised her! She is as proud of saying a good lesson, though she can only spell d-o-g dog, c-a-t cat, as I should be if I had done a long sum in the Rule of Three,” said Harry Gibson.

“Surely she has as much right to be proud and pleased too, replied his mother; “for she has gone through as much labour and conquered as much difficulty.”

“She is a little merry, good-tempered thing, at

all times," continued Harry; "indeed I think we are altogether quite as happy as any of our neighbours, whether rich or poor; every body says we are a contented family, and so we are;—don't you think so, mother?"

"I can only answer for myself, Harry, though I believe your father's feelings a good deal resemble mine; therefore the same answer may do for both: we are by no means contented."

All the time Harry had been speaking, he was laid down at full length on the floor, rolling from side to side, and looking sometimes upon his father, who, overpowered by fatigue, was half asleep in his chair, and sometimes at his mother, who was sewing as fast as she could, whilst his little sister stood beside her repeating her lesson. He now started on his feet, and with a look of considerable alarm, affectionately approached his mother, saying earnestly, "Dear mother, do you really mean that you are not contented?"

"I do mean so, indeed, Harry."

"Has something bad happened to father? does he fear that the crops will fail? are any of the sheep lost? is the brown cow ill again? or has somebody stolen the pig?"

"The poor creature was safe ten minutes since, notwithstanding the state of the sty, which is sadly broken down, as you know; all our stock of that kind is well and thriving."

"Then, dear, *dear* mother, why are you not contented?"

"I will tell you, Harry; it is because we have an idle son, which is always considered a great misfortune, especially to industrious people, who do their best to get forward in the world and to improve the situation of their children."

Harry's face was instantly covered with blushes, and he began hastily to shake off the dust and straw that stuck to his clothes: he cast his eyes anxiously towards his father, as if in the hope that he would find an excuse, knowing him to be a most indulgent parent; but, on this occasion, he only shook his head, as much as to say, "It is too true."

The tears sprang to the boy's eyes; for he was aware that his father was tired with labour, and saw that his mother was intent on finishing a shirt which she was making for hire, so that she could not allow herself time to set the house to rights in the manner she was accustomed to do. Harry loved his parents very dearly; he was good-humoured and obedient; but he was careless and thoughtless in the greatest degree; and though very lively when at play, he was indolent at home, and averse to the exertion called for in every situation of life, but especially from the poor.

"I don't see what I can do," said he to him-

self, "that can at all signify, after I come from school. To be sure the garden wants weeding, and the pigsty wants building up, and a new door making, and I see the jackdaw's cage is tumbling down for the want of a few willow twigs. I did say I would see after these things, sure enough; but somehow the days come and go before I can begin to do any thing. Sometimes I am tired with playing, sometimes I forget them, and ——"

Harry's soliloquy was cut short by a call to supper, which passed in silence and sadness; and when he went to bed he found it impossible to fall asleep, for the many thoughts which came into his head respecting his parents and himself. He recollected the unceasing industry and constant care of his father, the activity and ability of his mother, and began to see that he had by no means deserved the goodness with which they had treated him, or profited by the example which they had set him. The new clothes they had lately bought for him, the fairings they had given him, the kindness shown to him by sending him to school instead of compelling him to labour at home, affected him deeply; and he cried bitterly from shame and sorrow.

In consequence of the first bad night he had ever known, Harry did not wake till a much later hour than usual; and, on descending the narrow

stairs of his father's cottage, he found two of his schoolfellows waiting for him. After observing that he was an idle fellow, they told him there was holiday at school, and they were come to ask him to take a ramble with them.

Before answering them, Harry, turning to a good old woman, who lived with them both as friend and servant, said, "Pray, Alice, where is my mother?"

"Poor soul! she be gone all the way to the market-town with the shirts she have made, and she have taken the yarn, too, as I spun, to the weaver. A heavy load she carries, I promise ye."

"My father is out in the fields?"

"He's been digging a ditch to drain the butter-cup meadow these four hours. Little Jane be gone to take him bread and cheese."

"I thank you for calling," said Harry to the boys, "but I cannot go with you."

"We will wait whilst you eat your breakfast," answered they.

"That will be a long time, for though it stands there, I will not touch it till I have weeded that carrot-bed quite clean."

"With an air of resolution, Harry walked out of the cottage, and began to weed at a great rate, and with the look of one who knew that his employment was useful. In a little time, each of the

boys, finding looking on to be a very dull pastime, began to weed two flower-beds that ran in parallel lines; and by the time that Harry was ready to eat his breakfast, they were each boasting what a great heap of weeds they had collected.

"I am much obliged to you," said he; "I will now carry the weeds away, and sweep the walks clean, and water the flowers, and ——"

"Oh! but that will never do; we wanted you to enjoy the holyday."

"Why, so I do. I enjoy getting all this work done exceedingly well: I don't think I ever had such a good holyday before."

The boys thought Harry's head was turned; they said that "he was never so comical before," and left him by no means in good humour; but Harry forgot all their remarks in his pleasure at what was done, when his father came home, and was so gratified with the appearance of his little garden, that he could scarcely eat his dinner for looking at it through the window. At length he said, "I did intend mending the pigsty this afternoon, for it has long wanted it; but I think I will give myself a bit of a holyday, and go and meet my wife, that I may tell her what a nice place Harry has made of the garden."

"And I hopes, Maister Gibson, that you'll go by all manner o' means; and when ye've met her,

take her for a long rest an' a hearty welcome to Farmer Todd's" said old Alice.

Harry was glad when his father set out, as he was determined now to fall to work to repair the pigsty; and as little Jane was delighted to help him, and old Alice to instruct him, this work also went merrily on, though it was much more laborious than weeding, and much more disagreeable, for obvious reasons.

Whilst he was thus employed, the two school fellows again came to Harry, saying, "Well, are you now ready to go to play?"

"Play! no, good truth, I cannot play if I would, I am so tired."

"You cannot be more tired than I am," said one.

"Nor so much as I," said the other.

"You have had a great deal of pleasure, then, I suppose?"

"I don't think," answered the elder, "that we have had any at all since we were weeding with you and expecting you to go with us, for then the time passed quickly. I should not much mind helping you now, for a bit of a change."

"No, no," said Harry: "such work as this won't do for good clothes like yours; besides, I have a fancy to finish it myself. Next week I'll join you at cricket sometimes; but I am deter-

mined not to give all my time to play, as I used to do, seeing I am beginning to be good for something, and ought to help my father and mother."

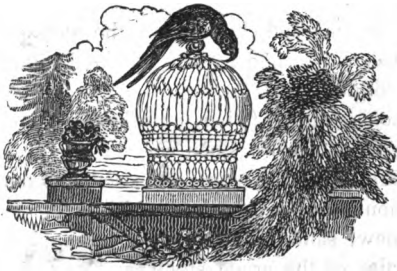
The boys bade him good bye, and moved off as if exceedingly fatigued, and in a short time he was obliged to desist, from extreme weariness; which affected him so much, that, notwithstanding old Alice's admiration of his handy-work, and her assurance that "the pig would sleep as nicely as a king in a castle," he fell fast asleep the moment after he had sat down in his father's arm-chair.

Harry was awakened by the warm kiss of his mother and the proud congratulations of his father; but the former could not forbear expressing her fears that he had overdone himself, saying, "You should have taken labour more easy to begin with, because you were totally unused to it."

"More's the pity, and more's the shame, mother; but I hope you will never have to say that again; for I am so happy now, that I think I shall go on to earn more happiness, if I get nothing else by it; and as to my being tired, don't think of that, for I have been as bad many a time with doing nothing. If to-morrow had not been Sunday, I would have mended the jackdaw's cage before breakfast."

"I can now believe that assurance, Harry; for I see you are sensible of the value of your exer-

tions, and in proving by deeds that you love your parents. Come and take your supper with us, my dear: we are, like yourself, weary and hungry; but sincerely can we thank God for the comforts which our toil has procured, and for the change in our son, which, if he persevere in his present sentiments, must make us indeed a **CONTENTED FAMILY.**



THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

A rough diamond lay in the sand, among many other ordinary stones. A boy picked up some of them to play with, and carried them home, together with the diamond, but he knew not what it was. The father of the boy, watching his play, observed the diamond, and said to his son: Give me that stone! The boy did so, and smiled, for he thought to himself—what will my father do with that stone?

But he took and skilfully cut the stone into regular facets, and polished the diamond, which then sparkled gloriously.

Behold, said the father, here is the stone which thou gavest to me. Then was the boy amazed at the brilliancy of the stone, and cried: Father, how hast thou wrought this change?

I knew, said his father, the virtue and hidden properties of the crude stone, and so I cleared it from the crust in which it was enveloped, and now it shines with its natural splendour.

In process of time, when the boy had grown up to manhood, his father gave him the precious stone, as an emblem of the heart that is freed from the base passions, and purified by virtue.

A WINTER NIGHT.



PLEASANT the hearth and converse snug within,
While the nocturnal tempest raves without,
For entrance buffeting the sash in vain;
And while the sullen shower from the drench'd eaves
Drips fast, and on the flooded pavement spans.
In such a night, who feels not Heaven his friend
To bless him with a warm secure abode
Impervious to the blast and chilly shower?
Who feels it not vast privilege to sit
And court the glowing embers of his hearth,
Till at his bidding their aspiring flames
Illuminate and cheer his farthest room?
Who deems it not rich pleasure, then, to read
By the clear taper unannoyed, or sweep

The strings of harmony unvex'd, and hear
At every pause the persevering storm
Rave at his window, in his chimney howl?
Who thinks his lot unhappy, then, to sup
At an ill furnish'd board, whose only fare
Springs from the dairy and the winnow'd floor?
Who deems not shelter and a crust a feast,
To the hard fate of her who plods without
Fatigued and weather-foil'd, and bears with her
The hard earned product of her toil; and leads
The weary child along, or his more hard
Who wrestles with inclement skies above
And tossing seas beneath, nor dares retire,
Fearful of shipwreck, till the dawn returns?
Is he not lapp'd in paradise who thinks,
Ere slumber close his eyes, how others toil
While peace and comfort curtain him around?

THE SHELLS.

A FATHER returned from the sea-coast to own his house, and brought with him for his son some beautiful shells which he had picked up on the beach. The delight of the boy at the sight of these lovely and party-coloured productions of the sea, was inexpressibly great; and he took a small neat coffer, and deposited them in it with care, and called his play-fellows to show them his treasure; and the children of the village could talk of nothing but the beautiful shells and the coffer of the boy. He counted them every morning, and

daily discovered in them new beauties; and he gave to each of them a particular name.

For the fondness and joy of infantine simplicity is inventive and rich in agreeable words.

But in a few months the boy's father said to himself: I will now afford him a pleasure such as he hath never yet enjoyed, and we will depart and go to the coast of the sea. There he will see all sorts of beautiful shells, and he may choose from among them as many as his heart desires.

When they arrived at the sea-shore at the time of ebb, the boy was amazed at the multitude of the variegated shells which lay scattered around, and he went to and fro, and picked them up. But the one seemed to him more beautiful than the other, and he kept continually changing those which he had already collected for fresh shells. In this manner he went about musing, and vexed and out of humour with himself. At length, weary of stooping, and comparing, and selecting, he threw away all that he had picked up, and when he returned home empty and ill-tempered, he gave away those which had before afforded him so much pleasure.

Then was his father sorely grieved, and said: I have acted unwisely, and my folly hath robbed the boy of his simplicity, and both of us of a gratification.

CORAL.

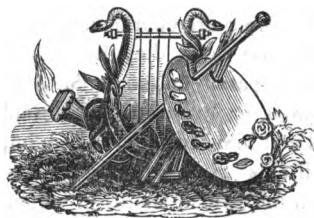
THE shores of the Persian Gulf, the chief extent of the Red Sea, and the western coasts of America, are so choked up with coralline substances, that though ships force a passage through them, boats and swimmers scarcely find it possible to make their way. These aquatic groves consist of different things, and assume an inconceivable variety of appearances. The coral plants sometimes shoot out like trees without leaves; they often spread forth a broad surface, like a fan, and not unfrequently a bushy head, like a fagot. Sometimes they resemble a plant with leaves and flowers, and often the antlers of a stag.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travel'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.



THE CONGER EEL.

THERE is something in the form of the eel that reminds us strongly of the serpent tribe; at the same time its fins and gills plainly liken it to fishes; so that eels in general seem to occupy a place which connects them partly with both. When at its full size, the conger eel has been known to measure ten feet in length. It is a hazardous prize when hooked, and our British fishermen often find it so to their cost. Congers will entwine themselves round the men's legs, and fight with desperate fierceness for their lives. An incident of this kind occurred some time since near Yarmouth; the animal rose half its height, and knocked the man down who had taken it, before he could kill it. It weighed about sixty pounds, but some exceed a hundred weight.

These creatures are enormously voracious, and concealed in the mud, they lie in wait for any prey that may pass. If too large to be immediately devoured or overcome, it is said that the conger will coil himself round his victim, and thus detain it till his teeth can take effect. Congers are found on the British shores in various parts.

GIPSIES.



UNDERNEATH the greenwood tree,
There we dwell right merrily,
Lurking in the grassy lane,
Here this hour—then gone again.
You may see where we have been,
By the burn'd spot on the green ;
By the oak's branch drooping low,
Wither'd in our fagot's glow

By the grass and hedge-row cropp'd,
Where our asses have been grazing;
By some old torn rag we dropp'd,
When our crazy tents were raising:
You may see where we have been;
Where we are—that is not seen.
Where we are, it is no place
For a lazy foot to trace.
Over heath and over field,
He must scramble who would find us;
In the copse-wood close conceal'd,
With a running brook behind us.
Here we list to village clocks;
Livelier sound the farm-yard cocks,
Crowing, crowing round about,
As if to point their roostings out;
And many a cock shall cease to crow,
Or ere we from the copse-wood go.

THE SQUIRREL.

THE pretty red Squirrel lives up in a tree,
A little blithe creature as ever can be;
He dwells in the boughs where the Stockdove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;
His food is the young juicy cones of the Pine,
And the milky Beech-nut is his bread and his wine.
In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound
To the topmost twigs, and then down to the ground;
Then up again, like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring;
Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, "Ay, follow me here!"

And then he grows pettish, and stamps his foot;
And then independently cracks his nut;
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather, when food is scant,
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest, and lays up his store;
And when cold winter comes, and the trees are bare,
When the white snow is fall'g, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself,
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf.
O, wise little Squirrel! no wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be!



DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NEVER was any battle gained under heavier disadvantages. The French force exceeded 20,000 men, the British were not 15,000. The superiority in artillery was equally great:—the enemy had met English guns on the way, sent off, thus late, to the patriotic armies, and these they had turned back, and employed against the English. Our artillery was embarked; and the Shrapnell shells, which contributed so materially to the success at Vimeiro, were not used in this more perilous engagement. If the moral and physical state of the two armies be considered, the disadvantages under which our soldiers laboured, were still greater. The French, equipped in the stores which they had overtaken upon the road, elated with a pursuit wherein no man had been forced beyond his strength, and hourly receiving reinforcements to their already superior numbers; the English, in a state of misery, to which no army, perhaps, had ever before been reduced till after a total defeat; having lost their military chest, their stores, their baggage, their horses, their women and children, their sick, their wounded, their stragglers, every thing but their innate, excellent, unconquerable courage. From 6000 to 7000 men

had sunk under the fatigues of their precipitate retreat. The loss in the battle did not amount to 800; that of the French is believed to have exceeded 2000. If such a victory was gained by the British army under such circumstances, what might not have been achieved by that army when unbroken, with all its means at hand, in health and strength, in its pride, and in its height of hope!

The General lived to hear that the battle was won. "Are the French beaten?" was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and he expressed how great a satisfaction it was to him to know that they were defeated. "I hope," he said, "the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice." Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him, "Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can—tell them every thing—Say to my mother"—But here his voice failed, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he asked to be placed in an easier posture. "I feel myself so strong," he said, "I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain." But, after a while,

he pressed Anderson's hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He fell, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory. No man was more beloved in private life, nor was there any general in the British army so universally respected. All men had thought him worthy of the chief command. Had he been less circumspect, had he looked more ardently forward, and less anxiously around him, and on all sides, and behind,—had he been more confident in himself and in his army, and impressed with less respect for the French Generals, he would have been more equal to the difficulties of his situation. Despondency was the radical weakness of his mind. Personally, he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; but he wanted faith in British courage, and it is faith by which miracles are wrought in war as well as in religion. But let it ever be remembered with gratitude, that, when some of his general officers advised him to conclude the retreat by a capitulation, Sir John Moore preserved the honour of England.

He had often said that, if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Coruña. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff

wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and they feared that, if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR was, on one occasion, obliged by a sudden irruption of the enemy into Alexandria, to fly for safety to his ships. He leaped into a boat, but was followed by such numbers of his men, that the boat was in danger of sinking. Cæsar immediately threw himself into the sea, and swam to one of his ships at a considerable distance, cutting the waters with one arm, and holding his writings with the other above water, to preserve them from injury; drawing at the same time his general's coat after him with his teeth, that the enemy might not have to boast the possession of so honourable a spoil.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

THE Humming-bird! the Humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad Palmetto leaves,
And through the Fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods
Where stately Morass tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet Passion-flower ;

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The Cayman like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun ;

There builds her nest, the Humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the Campanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose ;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the Peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy Humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers ;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers :

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given ;
Thy food the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven !

How glad the heart of Eve would be,
In Eden's glorious bowers,
To see the first, first Humming-bird
Among the first spring-flowers.

Among the rainbow butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone ;
One moment glancing in her sight,
Another moment, gone !

Thou little shining creature,
God saved thee from the Flood,
With the Eagle of the mountain land,
And the Tiger of the wood !

Who cared to save the Elephant,
He also cared for thee ;
And gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the Cedar-tree !



ALEXANDER AND THE FAMILY OF DARIUS.



AFTER the battle of Issus, Alexander, after visiting the wounded, caused the last honours to be paid to the dead, in the presence of the whole army drawn up in the most splendid order of battle. He treated the Persians of distinction in the same manner, and permitted Darius's mother to bury whatever persons she pleased, according to the customs and ceremonies practised in her country. After this, he sent a message to the queens, informing them that he was coming to pay them a visit; and accordingly, commanding all his train

to withdraw, he entered the tent, accompanied only by Hephæstion, who made so cautious and discreet a use of the liberty granted him, that he seemed to take it not so much out of inclination, as from a desire to obey the king, who would have it so. They were both of the same age, but Hephæstion was taller, so that the queens took him at first for the king, and paid him their respects as such. But some captive eunuchs pointing out Alexander, Sysigambis fell prostrate before him, and entreated pardon for her mistake; but the king, raising her from the ground, assured her that his friend also was an Alexander; and, after comforting her and her attendants, and assuring her that no part of the state she had formerly enjoyed should be withheld, he took the son of Darius, that was yet but a child, in his arms. The infant, without discovering the least terror, stretched out his arms to the conqueror, who being affected with its confidence, said to Hephæstion—"Oh! that Darius had some share, some portion of this infant's generosity." That he might prevent every suspicion of design on the chastity of the consort of Darius, and, at the same time, remove every cause of fear or anxiety from her mind, he resolved never to visit her tent more, although she was one of the most engaging women of her time. This moderation, so very becoming in a royal conqueror, gave occasion to that noted observation of

Plutarch, "That the princesses of Persia lived in an enemy's camp, as if they had been in some sacred temple, unseen, unapproached, and unmolested." Sysigambis was distinguished by extraordinary marks of Alexander's favour: Darius himself could not have treated her with more respect than did that generous prince. He allowed her to regulate the funerals of all the Persians of the royal family, who had fallen in battle; and, through her intercession, he pardoned several of Darius's nobles, who had justly incurred his displeasure. 'This magnanimous conduct has done more honour to Alexander's character, than all his splendid conquests. The gentleness of his manners to the suppliant captives, his chastity and continence, when he had the power to enforce obedience, were setting an example to heroes, which it has been the pride of many since to imitate.

A WINTER'S WISH.

THOUGH bitter frost hath cast around
His hoary mantle on the ground;
Though eddying winds may hoarsely blow,
And whistle o'er the drifted snow,
Yet still this season of the year
To me is ever passing dear,

When leaving day-light calls behind,
At-home we true enjoyment find;
From all but those we love, retire,
And gather round the cheerful fire.

O, Thou, whose hand has ever shed
Its choicest blessings on my head,
Whose gracious power, in mercy shown,
Through each successive year I've known,
Continue still thy parent care
And answer but another prayer.
Whate'er my future lot may be
I leave it cheerfully to Thee.
But when life's winter darkens o'er,
And youthful joys are felt no more,
Let me from earthly cares retire
With those I love, around the fire.



CORIOLANUS.



CAIUS MARCIUS was a Roman of patrician birth, and early distinguished himself by his bravery and virtues. The surname of Coriolanus was bestowed on him for having taken the city Corioli.

His father dying, while he was very young, he grew up under the sole care of his mother, and his filial piety is one of the most prominent and excellent features of his character. He was endowed by nature with a noble spirit of ambition, but in

his youth, he had not wisdom enough to restrain his temper, which often led him to commit rash actions.

Although very young when he served his first campaign, he never returned from the numerous combats in which he was engaged, without having received crowns or some other military reward. In the whole course of his life, he never commenced any undertaking, without the advice and approbation of his mother. Her slightest word was his law, and he never was satisfied with cherishing and honouring her—her greatest delight was in hearing him praised, and seeing him crowned with honours. Their lives present a rare and beautiful example of filial and maternal virtues. At his mother's request, he took a wife, and they all resided under one roof.

Posthumius, the consul, spoke highly in praise of Coriolanus among the soldiers, after a signal victory had been gained principally by his assistance, and wished to load him with rewards and trophies. He offered him a hundred acres of land, ten captives, as many richly caparisoned horses, a hundred cattle, and as much gold as he could carry. But Coriolanus would accept none of these treasures, but one captive, whom he immediately liberated, and a horse.

At the time that he was made consul, there was a great famine in Italy, and supplies of corn hav-

ing been received from Sicily, he wished to sell it to the people at a high price, that he might induce them, by the hardships of experience, to cultivate their lands instead of exciting seditions. On this account, he was brought to trial and condemned. Incensed at this return for the benefits he had conferred on his country, he took refuge with the Volscians, and persuaded them to invade the Roman provinces. At the head of the Volscian army, of which he was appointed commander, he marched towards his native city, pitched his tent within four miles of it, and laid waste the surrounding territory.

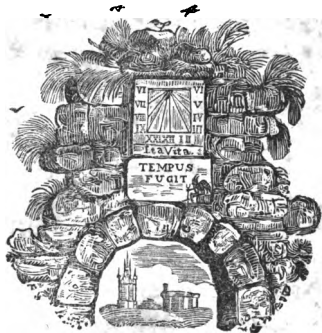
At the news of his approach, terror filled the hearts of the Romans, for they had but too well experienced his talents and bravery as a commander, when his arm was devoted to his country's service. Men and women assembled in the streets, bewailing their imminent danger, and even the senate themselves were stupified amidst this universal confusion.

Messengers, with treaties of peace, were despatched from Rome, but they returned with an unwelcome answer; again they departed, and again they returned with no better success. Even the priests, in their robes of state, knelt before him as suppliants, but they vainly endeavoured to avert his anger from his native city.

At length Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus,

and Volumentia his wife, taking with them his children, sought the hostile camp.

When Coriolanus beheld his mother, he exclaimed, "Oh! my country, thou hast subdued my enmity, since thou hast employed the prayers of my beloved mother, for whose sake, I forgive thy injuries towards me." Having then embraced his mother, his wife and children, he removed his camp and withdrew his army from the Roman territories. It is said, that he was afterwards slain by treachery, among the Volscians.





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